

THE STUDENT WORLD

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The Inner Strength of a Nation

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THE STUDENT WORLD

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The Inner Strength of a Nation

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THE STUDENT WORLD

A quarterly magazine of the World's Student Christian Federation

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Second Quarter, 1941

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EDITORIAL

The Source of Inner Strength

"We want in our own situation to call to consideration and attention what the inner strength of a people is and what it depends upon. . . ." So runs a message from Swedish students united and challenged by Finland's courageous fight for freedom. Extracts from Mr. Alanen's article in *THE STUDENT WORLD CHRONICLE* show clearly how the question arose.

An inadequate attempt has been made in the pages of this Second Quarter of *THE STUDENT WORLD* to deal with some aspects of the question. The Czechoslovak people has proved in its chequered career that it has deep channels of strength and Miss Matouskova has traced one of them to its source in a movement of the Reformation. Hugh Macmillan takes us right across the world to Formosa, "a land of typhoons and earthquakes" which may "face harder trials yet", and asks whether the Christian Church in such an environment can survive.

The Swedish students went on to say: "For us it is clear that the inner strength of a people depends upon the anchoring of the individual in a reality above ourselves." T. Z. Koo and Suzanne

de Dietrich are known and loved by students and their friends in many lands. They serve the Federation today in circumstances which most people would find completely disabling, for their peoples have suffered the ultimate horror of invasion. Here they give us some indication of where inner strength may be found. There follows an article from Great Britain in the form of a dialogue. Nothing tests our strength more than the necessity as Christians of praying for our enemies. Finally Mrs. Niebuhr has arranged a period of worship that we may not only speculate about, but draw upon, these sources.

The "anchoring of the individual in a reality above ourselves" is a primary task of a Student Christian Movement at any time. The Swedish students added: "It is our conviction that the only remaining reality is in Christ. To let oneself be led away from Christian faith and way of living would be to fail oneself and one's people in the fateful hours now approaching." Our Student Movements in countries where the future of the whole people is at stake are not finding that they must acquire some new function, but rather that they must turn with far greater earnestness to their primary one. "Mission, and again mission everywhere among all groups" is a message from Holland which would call forth a response in most countries. There have been an astonishing number of university missions throughout the winter, often in apparently most adverse circumstances. Experience has proved that there must always be two features—setting forth Jesus Christ as the "only remaining reality" and helping students to "anchor" themselves in Him. It is in this way that a Student Christian Movement makes its fundamental contribution to the inner strength of a people.

* * * *

The use of the term "people" in this issue, and the tenor of some articles in recent issues, suggest that we could profitably look again at the whole question of the Nation. It is a crucial question as we see what is happening in the world, and wonder about its future organisation. The Third Quarter, 1941 will therefore be entitled: "The Nation: what is it?"

The Inner Strength of a People

JULIA MATOUSKOVA

To ask about the inner strength of a people is a searching question, not only because many elements enter into the building of our present attitude but because the past has such a large share in creating the moral fibre of a nation.

When I try to answer the question how and when did my own people, the Czechoslovaks, show signs of inner strength, names come to my mind and movements connected with them which form landmarks in the history of my nation. They are not the names of powerful kings—and there were some in the kingdom of Bohemia—nor of successful generals, but of simple people who left a mark on their time because they were heroes of the spirit, servants of some great cause, of truth, justice and of humanity. Our great historian, Palacky, in the last century, concluded his observations about the national history by saying that whenever we gained nationally, it was always rather through strength of the spirit than by physical force.

The Work of John Huss

A Czech name which has penetrated perhaps most widely into history text books is that of John Huss. His contribution to the life of his nation and in fact to the life of Europe at the beginning of the 15th century is purely of a spiritual nature—though his conflict with the Roman Church started a very turbulent period in the history of our nation. Being, as Luther was, a Roman Catholic priest, John Huss started through his preaching a religious awakening among large masses of the people and so prepared the

reformation movement in Central Europe, just as Wycliffe, with whom John Huss was in correspondence, prepared the Reformation in England. The new note in his preaching was the stress on the authority of the Scriptures and a demand for moral earnestness and simplicity of life among the clergy. Though this latter emphasis brought him in conflict with the church authorities, John Huss did not desire to go against the Church, but simply maintained that the Scriptures are a law above any other laws and that faith in God means in the first place obedience to God's commandments. His message was addressed to the conscience of every Christian in the land and actually religion had become in his day a preoccupation of the large masses of Bohemian people—not only of the clergy and the monasteries. The urgency to seek God's truth which would guide our steps, was expressed by Huss in a sentence which has become a banner not only to the Hussites, but to every Czechoslovak in the following centuries: "Therefore, faithful Christian, seek truth, hear truth, keep truth, serve truth, defend truth to the end of thy days." He himself followed this ideal and it led him to the stake by the decision of the Church Council of Constance in 1415 when he refused to renounce any of his preaching.

The century following his death was marked by a mass movement of the Bohemian people to keep alive the principles for which John Huss stood. The Hussites were not only guerilla forces who opposed successfully for many years the Roman emperor, the Pope and the Hapsburgs, but they were also a religious sect which was building new communities with biblical names (Tabor, Horeb, etc.) and with a mode of life strongly reminiscent of the first communities of Christians. The war song of the Hussites, which echoes in the works of Smetana—is a hymn starting with the words: "Warriors of the Lord and of His law". This zeal for the Lord was the strength of the simple peasant people in their fight against the foreign rulers who would force them, according to the prevalent principle of that epoch "*Cuius regio eius religio*", into religious practices rejected by John Huss. And though this period is marked by wars and suffering in the country, the spiritual struggle

which was entered upon by John Huss and taken up by his people, has linked the nation with the most vital current of those times, the Reformation, and brought an intellectual and spiritual stimulus to the national life which has never quite died down since.

The Church of the Brethren

A direct result of the Hussite Movement was the *Unitas Fratrum*—the Church of the Brethren, known later in their emigration as the Moravians. It is another instance illustrating the inner strength of a people. Politically the Hussites did not succeed; Europe was torn by the 30 Years' War; foreign rule was established in the kingdom of Bohemia; but in spite of it the spiritual seed sown by John Huss was producing fruit in these new communities of the "Brethren" who were bending all their efforts to create a true church of Christ on earth according to the Apostles' example. Their strength was in the fact that they were looking toward the outside world trying to see what is man's duty, how he can express his obedience to God and his love toward his neighbour. The special emphasis in the Church of the Brethren was on the authority of God's word, on obedience to his Word, not only in private but also in public life, on fellowship which found expression in the service to their communities. Its members submitted willingly to the discipline and order of the Apostolic Church, accepting responsibility for each other. These requirements were applied in practical ways to members of the Church regardless of their social status and were a powerful leaven in creating new relationships between the classes, introducing something of the spirit of democracy before its time. In this fellowship of faith and obedience free spirits developed, with clear and firm convictions to guide and defend the Church.

But the Brethren made also their contribution in the intellectual field. Among them were found educated men who started a new translation of the Bible which remains to the present day a classic of the Czechoslovak literature—another of the leaders Petr Chelčický was similar to Tol-

stoy in his thinking and was probably the most consistent religious pacifist produced by our nation. The last Bishop of the Unitas Fratrum—J. A. Comenius who spent 50 years of his life as a refugee in many European countries after the Hapsburgs had executed and exiled all the Protestant leaders from the kingdom of Bohemia—was an outstanding pedagogian of that century. His exile gave him a wide European outlook and his last book "The Bequest of the Unity of Brethren" speaks of a universal concern for all the Protestant churches lest they turn unto their own particular ways and forget their primary obedience to their Lord. We can appreciate perhaps even more today, this attitude of a great exile who, though yearning for the political freedom of his nation, was even more concerned about the suppression of God's truth in his native land and other European countries, and was admonishing Church leaders to keep pure the inheritance of the Reformation.

Comenius was the first among many of the members of the Brethren Church who had to seek refuge in foreign countries and who truly lived by faith—not by their political faith—but by their new understanding of and obedience to the Lord.

The Coming of Masaryk

Between the 17th and the 19th century there was little spiritual stirring in the kingdom of Bohemia—Protestantism was kept alive in the depth of forests and mountains and Catholicism was regarded as an imposed religion. But with the increased political freedom of most European nations in the middle of the last century new leadership grew among the Czechs and the Slovaks which found its best personification in T. G. Masaryk. He was a leader of the Czechs by the end of the 19th century, not only politically—he did not have a large following at that time—but even more so in the intellectual and cultural sphere. Students in the university were constantly challenged by Masaryk on such important questions as: What Is Real Science?, What Is the Essence of Patriotism?, Can We Defend Race Prejudices?, How Can We Work Politically?, What Are

Our Moral Norms?, Does Modern Man Need Religion?. Masaryk's concern for the deeper causes of unrest in the human soul was apparent from the very beginning of his university career. The book which introduced him into the Department of Philosophy in the Vienna University treated the subject of suicide. In it he made the striking statement that man needs to be hanging on something; if he is not hanging on God, he hangs on a nail. Masaryk carried his spiritual convictions also into his political activities and by the strength of these headed the revolutionary movement against Austria during the World War. One of the things Masaryk liked to recall about his revolutionary activity is a practice few politicians could claim—that he never used a lie. His account of those eventful years was given in a book under the English title "The Making of a State." This book has now been removed by the occupying authorities from all Czechoslovak libraries. When the independent Czechoslovak state was established and Masaryk elected its President, his influence still increased and many new institutions in the young state were bearing the mark of this. Few men of his age could claim such a profound influence on the young post-war generation as he exercised on young Czechoslovaks between 1920-1930. One of the foundation stones of the Czechoslovak S.C.M. was his advice to a student delegation: "Learn to see life *sub specie aeternitatis*." He was the embodiment of a true democrat and we women were deeply grateful to him for his unwavering trust in the abilities of women which he manifested by encouraging their studies in all departments of the university. Simple statements like the following which Masaryk made to the writer in an informal conversation, "Without God everything would crumble down for me"—have sown seeds of deeper thinking among thousands of our people and gave direction and depth to the building of a democracy in Central Europe. In no other national figure of our history have there concentrated such important functions as in Masaryk—namely the teacher and thinker, the politician and head of state.

Strength in Dark Days

That we should have been given such a leader just in the time preceding the dark days in our national life since 1938, does seem providential. Those who have learned from him to look for the deeper causes of contemporary events have been those who kept their equilibrium during the desperate Munich days—days in some way even harder than the actual invasion in March 1939. They were the people who tried to preserve the real values in the crippled life of the nation and were not trying to ride the invading wave of the future. Among them a most outstanding role was played by the leaders of the Protestant Churches who were recognised as loyal supporters of Masaryk long before he became President. It was interesting to observe how leaders like Professor Hromadka were called in by the officials of the broadcasting corporation to speak on a nation-wide broadcast in the very tense week of Munich and how people not connected with the Church were looking to these people for leadership and comfort. Of course also simple people who did not have the intellectual training of Masaryk's disciples were among those who showed a great deal of inner strength, patience and confidence, that truth and justice will not be trampled down permanently. But they gained their confidence during years of humble participation in church life, through their faithful Bible reading and practice of prayer, not in the instant when tragedy befell their nation. That was one of the lessons of those days to find that every small religious experience, every real participation in a Christian fellowship somehow seemed to come back to us to stand at our side and remind us of realities which, for the moment, seemed to have disappeared from life. There were probably also people who made in those days their first spiritual experiences as their souls were reaching out toward heaven when earth had become a hell for them. I remember seeing many unfamiliar faces in the crowded church on the Sunday following the German invasion of the country. On all these faces there was written an urgent appeal: "Do tell us that evil cannot triumph." And I was grateful that the pastor continued his Lenten series, preaching that Sunday on the

text of Jesus' prayer in Gethsemane: "Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." This text perhaps has been an anchor for some in the audience who since have been put into German prisons.

Turning to God in Confidence

The Church had become in those days again for many a place where they felt communion with God and with those yearning for His presence. The Church had become precious because it proclaimed the validity of values which received no recognition in the new order which was being rapidly established all around us. The fellowship we experienced there was so entirely different from that displayed with much noise in the "Party" formations which filled the streets. Christians were nearer to each other than they had been for years and one felt grateful to anybody who voiced his or her faith in God, His justice and eternal counsels. But not only has understanding grown with our fellow countrymen of the same faith, but we felt also a new understanding for the utterances in the Psalms and other parts of the Old Testament—not mainly the vindictive passages, which still remain a very real human experience, but also such as "My soul thirsteth after the Lord in a dry and desert land." A friend who was for a number of years in Christian work, wrote after the occupation: "This year I felt for the first time that I understood Easter and also Pentecost had quite a new meaning. It is really amazing to find how short-sighted one has been and how lacking in understanding. The Lord is revealing many things to us in these hard times." This was not an isolated experience—those who turned to God in confidence have received new light even in the midst of darkness.

There is no other way to the inner strength in a people than through individual commitment to the Lord, through constant striving to understand and do His will, through the practice of His presence. But though we recognise that such strength has its roots in the heart and conscience of individuals, we also know how much indebted we are in our spiritual life to men—the cloud of witnesses—who at one

point or another in our spiritual development brought a decisive stimulus into it. Most frequently they are found in the churches, but God has used and is using also men and women outside the ranks of the churches to awaken the conscience of a nation. Even if in their time the appearance of such leaders does not seem like a blessing, seen in the perspective of a national existence their presence or absence in a nation determines its greatness. And it is a comfort for our time to recall the simple, humble people whom God has used for His great purposes in the lives of nations and to trust that He will also in our day awaken His witnesses who will point the way back to Him.

Can the Church in Formosa Survive?

HUGH MACMILLAN

Dr. John R. Mott in an article in *Christendom*, Spring 1939 on "The Tambaram Meeting and its Significance", writes on the basis of his knowledge of the vitality of the younger churches and on what he saw at Tambaram as follows: "I came away with the conviction that were Christianity to die out in Europe or America, which God forbid, it exists in such vitality and propagating power in certain fields of Asia, Africa and the Island world that, sooner or later it would spread to our shores and re-establish itself."

"Can the Church in Formosa Survive?" is an attempt to describe the planting, cultivating and present life of the Younger Church in Formosa (called *Taiwan* by Oriental people) in order that the further needs of this Church and its possible contribution to the Church Ecumenical may be more clearly estimated.

Beginnings of Christianity in Formosa

Three hundred years ago, from 1624 till 1662, Formosa was a colony of the Dutch. The churches in Holland, in the new spirit of the Reformation, became aware as Christians of their mission in the newly acquired colony. Roman Catholicism was the religion of the Spanish conquerors of Formosa from whom the new colony was acquired. Missionaries from Holland, therefore, entered into the Island's spiritual conquest with a good deal of zeal. But the period of work was short. In 1662 the Chinese chieftain Koxinga crossed over the narrow strait and with a powerful force smashed the Dutch resistance and martyred these earliest missionaries and many native Formosan Christians.

Two hundred years' silence followed that missionary beginning. But the silence was broken in 1865 and 1872

when missionaries from Britain and Canada took up where the others left off. The new-comers employed similar methods. They began with a study of the language of the people as a medium of proclaiming the "good news". They emphasised education. "To seek the extension of God's kingdom" was the aim of the Dutch before them; it was theirs also.

These new-comers found no outward trace of earlier Christianity. Yet a missionary of that time seemed to sense some inner or previous preparation when he wrote, "It was as if there existed some *natural* adaptation between human need and God's rich provision—those simple-minded people now crowded around to hear the story of redeeming love. In the village temple, on the hillside, and by the seashore they sometimes sat attentively so long that the joyous privilege of addressing them had to be given up from sheer hoarseness and loss of voice."

And so the work begun by the Dutch only a century after the Reformation was begun anew toward the end of the 19th century by others. By this time a change had taken place in the population. The new missionaries came to a new people. The invasion under Koxinga had not only driven out the Dutch but had given impetus to a movement of Chinese from the mainland of China. People fled from pressure under the Ming Dynasty on the continent to the wild freedom of the Formosan island. The fertile coastal plains were now occupied by Chinese, and the earlier inhabitants of two hundred years ago were driven back into the foothills or into the mountain fastnesses. Missionary work was begun among these Chinese, but extended also to some of the hill peoples, especially to those who had during the interval learned the Chinese language and had accepted in part Chinese civilisation.

The Growth of the New Faith

So missionaries of the latter part of the 19th century began by learning Chinese. Ability to master the language grew with the passing years and with daily usage. But even the earliest words were charged with a zeal to create

understanding that outclassed mere linguistic ability. Yet this was not all. An important first step toward being understood was soon discovered and missionaries began to study something of the religions of the people to whom they had come and of their religious language. Contacts with religious leaders resulted, and often keen discussion with them. The zeal of the new-comers often put content into religious language which caused wonderment. "He does not worship idols; how can he know so much about religion?" And some came to accept the new-comers' faith.

Just as in early Christianity Christians were "atheists", so in Formosa Christians have been looked upon as those who have thrown away their gods. Even in very recent years when the old household idols have been cleared out by order of local authorities in the name of nationalism, unlettered people often associate the action with things they heard about the thoughts and ways of Christians and claim the move to have been inspired by Christianity. But there are few now so ignorant as to think Christians are "atheists". There are few also who would seriously count acceptors of the new faith any longer on the list of worshippers of images. The very attitude of Christians and not infrequently their words gives evidence of a new spirit. "I'm a Christian. I worship the true God. I cannot worship idols that rats can destroy. I am not afraid. I love Jesus. He is my Saviour and Friend," said one in a tight corner when the modern missionary period was just beginning. "Why do you suspect me? Don't you know I'm a Christian? Don't you know that Christianity is officially recognised by our government? You can look up the tenets of my faith if you want to. Or wait and I'll tell you all about it," said a young member of the Formosan Church recently to an official questioner.

Inner Strength Through Worship

By the uneducated masses, Christians in Formosa are called "Worshippers of the Supreme Ruler". It is quite well known that these Christians in their own communities assemble on "Worship Day" for "worship". At present

there are in that small Island (less than half the size of Ireland) nearly two hundred churches. These buildings, usually of brick, are well constructed and are not encumbered by debt. The policy in church building has been to have the money in hand before laying a single brick. The group of worshippers at Sunday worship varies from several hundreds in the larger groups to thirty or forty in the smaller. In the population of five and a half millions there are about fifty thousand Christians, or one in a hundred. Some villages have many Christians; others few. Some groups meet in towns where there are few Christians; often the whole group comes in from the surrounding countryside.

In Formosan towns and cities, with Sunday a day of business very much as other days, it requires a good deal of discipline of the spirit for a congregation to sit through an hour or two of church service. But they do, in a way often quite surprising considering the surrounding distractions. Progress too towards a still more worshipful attitude is being made. Younger church leaders trained in Japanese technique and by Japanese teachers who love quiet formality, are making a valuable contribution to the dignity of worship services. Preaching is chiefly expository and is listened to by people who still come to church carrying their Bibles and hymn books with them. Older people, even those unable to read Chinese characters, cling to their Chinese Bibles written in Roman letters. Younger people prefer the Japanese language learned in the schools. Formosan Christians are fond of singing. They have a hymn book of their own and also have an excellent Christendom-wide selection of hymns in the Hymnary of the Japanese Church. Through these the Church is in touch with Christian hymnody and has as high an appreciation of it as many an older Church. Prayers are usually extemporaneous and led by the minister. The language of the psalms flows into prayer with the same ease as it does into our own prayer language.

Hope of Future Strength

A theological college with a women's theological train-

ing school, secondary residential schools for men and women, three hospitals, a publishing house, and all the regular activities of the Island's churches, including Sunday Schools and a Youth Christian Movement, are institutions operated by this growing Christian community. These are a heavy responsibility for such a young Church, but preparation for carrying the load had been given for a long enough time to give some confidence in the future. The Bible can be read in its original languages by an increasing number of the Church's ministers. Churches are keen about group Bible study and an increasing number of ministers and laymen are able to lead in group thinking. Theological works are available in European languages which most ministers are able to read, at least in English. Translations are also available in Japanese. To procure these books is chiefly an economic problem. Ministers have little money for books. But ways may be found for making books available to as many as desire to keep alive the spirit of Christianity and to push forward the work of evangelism.

Evangelism is constantly emphasised by the Church in Formosa. The few short years of Christian history have not separated the Church of today from the earliest missionaries and their emphasis on evangelism. Nor do Formosans forget that evangelism is the flowering of the Christian plant. "No flower, no fruit. No fruit, no seed." These times of "crisis" make the organising of "Evangelistic Bands" less easy than formerly but the spirit of evangelism finds expression through group cottage meetings rather than through speakers on street corners or in market squares.

For a number of years the policy of the Church in Formosa has been to push forward as quickly as possible to complete self-support. Progress has been rapid. The growth in understanding of the duties and privileges of Christian life has made this possible. So much progress has been made that when recent conditions brought about a temporary withdrawal of all missionaries from Formosa, the Formosan Church has been able to take over all departments of mission work. Revenue from mission property

has been arranged to meet the modest needs of grants for the few remaining aid-receiving churches and institutions.

Strength for Present Trials

Accomplishing self-support was not an easy task and did not come about without far-seeing vision and years of patient and hard labor on the part of missionaries and their Formosan colleagues. This patience and perseverance learned through the years by Formosan leaders should help to discipline the Church for the period of trial. This period of struggle to develop a self-supporting Church has also not been without gains in the things on which the life of the Church depends—in a fuller understanding of the life and love of Jesus Christ and a deeper conviction of the need of dedication of life to His cause and Kingdom.

Younger Christian leaders of the present day often refer to the use, during an earlier period, of theological phraseology to the content of which little thought was given. This dates from those years when not a little prestige was often attached to Christianity. People associated it with things Western and learned the theological phraseology in order to pass exams into "the faith". Earliest Christians knew better the meaning of Christianity; so do Christians of the present. But in times between there were some "rice Christians". "Was Jesus a rich man or a poor man?" a woman candidate for baptism was once asked after she had passed all required theological questions with honors. "How could He be poor?" she said emphatically, "He, the Son of God!" Yet there are those who after receiving as good an education as modern schools offer, and knowing social problems as well as any, will witness with conviction to a living and courageous faith.

The Acid Test

The past few years have been years of testing. Would the Christians of Formosa work out plans for financial support of the Church and really put their hands into their pockets for regular and sustained gifts? There were those

who had been accustomed to think of Christianity as something to be got "without money and without price", "a free gift", "given" by wealthy people in the Golden West. Would these really come to understand the spirit of the "widow's mite"? and act upon that? Could those who wouldn't mention money in the presence of "the heathen" lest they "get a wrong impression" of Christianity be encouraged to read what Jesus said about money? These past few years have shown that Christians in Formosa are quite capable despite their penury of ability to make the Church their very own spiritually and economically as well.

Furthermore, they have shown their spirit of giving not only of their financial resources but also of life itself. These years have seen the beginning of "foreign" mission activity as well. For a couple of decades a mission to the people of the Pescadores Islands in the Formosan Strait has been supported by the Formosan Church. Also, various beginnings have been made among the aboriginal tribes of the mountains. Recently the rising spirit of younger Christian leadership has found expression in missions to Formosans living on the continent and to those in need around them. Three young leaders are engaged in these "foreign mission" beginnings. Supported at first by gifts from their own Church, they are rapidly building up self-supporting congregations among those to whom they have gone.

Can the Church in Formosa survive? It has been planted and watered by the lives and love of older Christians and still has life in spite of the difficult weather of these times. Of the future we know little. Formosa, a land of typhoons and earthquakes, may face harder trials yet. But when the day of more peaceful weather dawns surely this Younger Church of Formosa will be alive to greet it, and God will grant increase.

The Bible and Spiritual Values

T. Z. Koo

We live today in a torn and bleeding world, with wars raging on three continents involving the welfare of more than 900 millions of people. Into such a world the words of the prophet Jeremiah come with a peculiar timeliness:

Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.

(Jeremiah 9:23, 24)

Indeed, man with all his scientific knowledge, his technical skill to create wealth and plenty, and his proud social insights, has as yet succeeded only in building around himself a world in which the dominant notes are conflict and violence; a world sick unto death, without power to save itself. If ever man needed to be humble and ask what is wrong with his life, this is the moment. The Bible is often called the Book of Life. It has the truth for the healing of nations. What does the Book say to man today as he faces his world so filled with tragedy and death?

The business of human living is primarily one of developing and maintaining relationships. The more varied and extensive our relationships, the more rich and full will be our life. With the right kind of relationships, man will enjoy peace and happiness in life. With the wrong kind of relationships, he will inevitably bring upon himself sorrow and suffering. That our life today is so full of both

must make us realise something is radically wrong in the relationships we maintain.

Broadly speaking, man, in his daily life, forms relationships in three spheres: namely, the sphere of spiritual values; the sphere of material things; and the sphere of fellow men. It is my purpose to set forth in these pages the basic message of the Bible in the first and third of these spheres of relationships.

The term "spiritual values" is used here, not in any deep metaphysical or philosophical sense, but simply to denote those qualities of living the Bible suggests by words like righteousness, freedom, justice, love, etc. In China, the old word for this sphere of life is "Tien" or "Heaven". The prophet Jeremiah is saying the same thing when he uses the words, "I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth." Jesus calls it the "Kingdom of God".

The heart of this relationship lies in man's idea of God and in his faith in Him. What does he know about God? How far does he believe in God? How man answers these questions determines the quality of his living in relationship to them.

The God of the Bible

In the Old Testament the Bible makes three fundamental statements about God. The first is that this universe in which we live and have our being, is not a product of chance or of a self-created evolutionary process. God is the creator of the universe, and man is himself part of this created order. "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God" (Psalm 90:2). What a tremendous perspective these words set forth between God, man, and the universe!

The second statement is that God is the sovereign lord of the universe, and that he rules it, not only through natural laws, but also through spiritual laws. These laws are there from the very foundation of things. Man did not make them, and he cannot change them. His part is to learn these laws and obey them.

The third statement is that, if man orders his life in violation of the spiritual laws of God, it is not the laws of God which will break down, but man's own life and society.

God and Man in the Bible

Clearly and definitely the Bible sets forth the basic truth between God and man. Man is told he is not the creator and ruler of the universe. The Bible reminds him constantly that he is but a created being. God is the creator and lord of the universe. Man's role, therefore, will always be the humble one of the creature learning to know something of the Creator. Only as man realises this truth will he come into the right relationship with God. That is why in the Bible when God is mentioned, the words "know" and "understand" are so often used: "Be still and *know* I am God"—"But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he *understandeth and knoweth* me."

It is precisely at this point that man has gone astray in his life today. He has forgotten this basic truth about God and man. From the agnosticism of the nineteenth century, he has come into the atheism of the twentieth century. The nineteenth-century man doubted the existence of a greater-than-man and other-than-man deity. The twentieth-century man denies the existence of such a deity altogether. When man loses his faith in one Supreme God, he does not cease to be religious. When he does not worship a God greater than himself, he begins to worship idols less than himself. He has made gods of economic determinism, nordic superiority, class struggle, technocracy, New Order in East Asia, and what not. These gods create havoc with his world of spiritual values; they exact from him not service, but servitude which destroys his freedom; they soon reduce his soul to utter despair or downright cynicism. They cannot give him the salvation he is looking for; nor the new social order he is yearning after. The inevitable consequence of all this in human life is complete chaos and increasing disintegration. Perhaps this explains the widespread treachery revealed by the war in Europe. Indeed the nations are sick unto death.

In such a world, the Bible speaks simply but basically the words of healing. To paraphrase the words of the prophet Jeremiah, man is bidden by God not to glory in his scientific knowledge; or, in his might on land, sea, and in the air; or, in the gold hidden away in underground vaults. To re-establish the right perspective in human life, the Bible says to man: Learn to know and understand God, that He is the Supreme Lord of the Universe; the one unchanging reality in a changing world, who alone gives validity to the spiritual values of life. To know and understand something of this is the true knowledge that is the beginning of all wisdom.

Man, everywhere and in all ages, has speculated about God. Through his philosophy and metaphysics, he has tried to probe into the unknown to learn something of the nature of the Supreme Being behind the universe. In all this it is the mind of man striding forth toward infinity in an effort to understand and know something of the mind of the Creator-God. But try as man would, God is still far away, residing somewhere in the infinite distances. Even in his moments of highest inspiration and greatest insight he catches only glimpses of God darkly as through a veil of mystery.

God and Man in Jesus Christ

But, in the New Testament all this is changed. There, in the Gospels, we are given a full revelation of God in Jesus Christ: "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." The Incarnation is God's answer to man's ceaseless quest after him. In Jesus Christ we see the Father in all His grace and truth. "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," said Jesus to Philip.

Before I knew Jesus Christ, I tried to get some knowledge of God in that which is true, beautiful, and good. We do come to know something of God through these mediums. But the knowledge thus attained is never full, and always carries with it a note of uncertainty. We say perhaps God

is like this, or perhaps God is like that. This is inevitable when the finite tries to understand the infinite. But to those who have come to believe in Jesus Christ, all such uncertainty is ended. In the incarnation, it is not man's picture of God we see but God Himself in Jesus Christ come to dwell among men.

And the God revealed to me in Jesus Christ is so different from the God portrayed merely by the religious insight of man. The difference is between a philosophy and a gospel. In practically all pre-Christian religions God is pictured as some far-off deity residing somewhere in the infinite distances, handing out a code of rules for man to obey. He watches, in aloof dignity, man's struggles to obey, but is not Himself a part of the struggle. There is no gospel in this. But in Jesus Christ we see a very different God. In the incarnation God Himself has come to man, giving not a law or a commandment, but offering a love which shares in the struggle of man, and redeems it from its despair and tragedy—a love so great that we have no way to fathom its height, breadth, and depth. In Jesus Christ, a principle of love became a Saviour of love; and a far-off deity, an ever-present Father. As His disciple, I am not only trying to obey a commandment, but also to yield my life to a Saviour and let His love redeem and recreate my personality. This is a gospel—a glad tidings. How many times, in the tragic conflict between China and Japan, hatred and despair would have submerged my soul except for this gospel imbedded in the very heart of the Christian faith.

To a believing Christian, then, the world of spiritual values is real, because God is real, and the knowledge of God he has received in Jesus Christ gives him the insight to maintain the right relationship between himself and the world of spiritual values. Destroy a man's faith in God, and you have destroyed the unifying center of his world of righteousness, peace, justice, and love. Chaos and disintegration will immediately set in in life. The forerunners of this disintegration will always be those who deny the reality and supremacy of God. I see this clearly in atheistic communism and pagan Naziism. Because I see this, I have

no fear for the future. Man may defy God, but he can never overcome God. "I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

(For reasons of space a considerable section has been omitted.—*Ed.*)

* * * *

God's Peace and Men's Betrayal

The heavenly host on Christmas morning sang their praise to God in these joyous words:

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,
good will toward men.

As I look at our world today, I realise what a sorry spectacle it must look in the eyes of God. Instead of the angelic song, the world of men reminds me vividly of the sayings of some of the Old Testament prophets in the Bible:

Proclaim ye this among the nations; prepare war; stir up the mighty men; let all the men of war draw near; let them come up. Beat your ploughshares into swords, and your pruninghooks into spears: let the weak say, I am strong. (Joel 3:9, 10)

Have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, profaning the covenant of our fathers? (Malachi 2:10)

* * * *

Working for Peace

To work for peace in the sense expressed in three significant Chinese words is just as important—and perhaps even more positive—as merely to oppose a conscription law or to refuse to fight when war is declared. When "on earth peace" means:

- a) *to live with one's fellow men in such a way that all mouths will have rice in them,*
- b) *women will have roofs over their heads, and*
- c) *hearts will be level with each other,*

how rich and suggestive the word "peace" becomes. If

man's relationship to his fellow men in the postwar world is to be placed on the right basis, these are the positive lines along which our thinking and working must be organised.

Secondly, we must gain for ourselves a fresh understanding of the meaning of good will, not as the world understands the term, but as Christ would have us understand it. Good will has become a hackneyed word, and, unless we can put fresh content into it, one of the most important factors in "getting along with our fellow men" will cease to have any meaning in the sphere of human relations.

Good will as the world understands it starts from a fact of separateness—the separateness of self-contained individuals and national states. At the very beginning of the Bible, "Am I my brother's keeper?" was the reply of Cain to God. Across the ramparts of self-interest and national considerations, we look at our fellow men and try to be friendly in a sentimental way, as long as it does not cost us anything. This the world calls good will.

Good will as Christ would have us understand it, starts from a point of oneness—the oneness of our common humanity as children of the one Father who is in heaven. Good will, founded upon this oneness, recognises no barriers of class, nationality, or race.

Good will as the world understands it is regarded, not as a present fact, but as an ideal, an aspiration yet to be realised. When war occurs between two nations, good will of this sort evaporates quickly, and its place is taken by hatred, which sears and vitiates man's relationship to his fellow men.

Good will as Christ would have us understand it, is not a distant ideal, but a present fact—a reality already here, born not of man's sentimental aspiration, but founded upon the love of God. In the Bible we read, "And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." Good will grounded upon this love cannot be broken by war. It recognises a fellowship with other men which transcends race and nationality, and lives on through wars and conflicts. The continuing fellowship be-

tween the Christian students of China and Japan through three years of war, expressed through the observance of a common day of prayer for the two countries, is a demonstration of good will, not as the world understands the term, but as Christ would have us understand it.

Good will as the world understands it involves no immediate obligation of being good neighbors to our fellow men.

Good Neighbors Here and Now

Good will as Christ would have us understand it takes up the responsibilities of being good neighbors here and now. It is the men and women who understand this kind of good will who are giving meat to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, shelter to the stranger, clothing to the naked, and succor to the sick and to those in prison. They are the blessed of the Father, citizens already of the City of God, weavers of the new pattern of human relationships in which "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain."

Science has made the world small for man. Religion must make man big in good will, if this involuntary proximity of man with his fellow men is not to become a source of danger. In a small world, our racialisms, our strident nationalisms, our social and economic exploitations, become more terrible, because they engulf wider areas and more people. In such a world, when men forget to love the God whom they have not seen and the brother whom they have seen, the consequences of such forgetfulness are swift and catastrophic. In such a world good will as the world understands it has little or no meaning. Only good will as Christ would have us understand it can furnish the basis and spirit for the healing of human relationships torn and embittered by strife and destruction. Again, the words of the Bible echo in our ears: "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." But we also know "that we have passed from death to life, because we love the brethren". We, who have come out of the Far East with the experience of three years of cruel warfare behind us, would like to say to our fellow-Christians in America, "Take heed of these words while there is yet time for you."

Lastly, in this sphere of man and his fellow men, we, as Christians, have a great contribution to make, especially at this time, if we can keep intact the integrity of our Christian faith. In times of war and conflict, we so easily allow specious thinking and emotional bias to destroy the integrity of our faith. We divide our religion into pockets. In one, we place God and our enemy; in another, we place God and our own people. I speak of this, because I have done it myself in connection with Japan in the undeclared war. I place God and the Japanese in one pocket, and I see a God of wrath and stern justice towering over the wicked Japanese, poised to punish. But I do not place my own people into that pocket. When I think of my own people, I see a God of loving-kindness and mercy. But I carefully exclude the Japanese from this pocket of my religion. When I do this, I have lost the integrity of my Christian faith, and I have no message for a world at war. Only by disciplining myself can I preserve the integrity of my faith. When I think of my God as a God of wrath and stern justice, I must be prepared to see that same wrath and justice standing in judgment not only over the people of Japan, but also over my own people. When I see my God as a God of love and mercy, I must be willing to see that same love and mercy brooding not only over my people, but also over the people of Japan. Faith of this kind drives hatred and bitterness out of my heart, and makes me realise the enemy is still a brother to me. By holding fast to the integrity of our faith, we are laying the spiritual groundwork for the new world order after the war. Even in these trying times and circumstances, the song of the angels—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men"—is strong in my heart, because I have known the healing power of a faith which has kept its integrity.

Thoughts on the Silence of Jesus

S. DE DIETRICH

But Jesus stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground. But when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them: He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground. And they, when they heard it, went out one by one, beginning with the eldest even unto the last. (St. John 8:6-9)

But he held his peace and answered nothing. (St. Mark 14:60; cf. 15:8)

But he answered him nothing. (St. Luke 23:9)

Jesus' words may cut one like a sword. But even more terrible is His silence. There is something about His silence which fills one with awe.

The Pharisees who dared to discuss with Him endlessly and tried to trap Him with insidious questions seem to have found His silence unbearable. When, having spoken, Jesus started writing on the ground, they had to go away one by one, beginning with the eldest—who perhaps were a little less sure about themselves than the younger ones and had more heavily laden consciences—right down to the youngest. The only one to stay was the adulterous woman; her sin had been uncovered and she had nothing to conceal from Him; to her His silence meant mercy.

Jesus' silence during His trial is of a different nature. This time He is the accused. He gives the necessary answers but not one word more. And three times, when He stands before Caiaphas, when He stands before Pilate, when He stands before Herod, we are told at a given moment that "He answered nothing." A terrible and heavy silence; for in this silence the accused suddenly becomes

the accuser. And the judges hastily settle the case. His silence here again is unbearable.

When does Jesus keep silent? When people cover their motives under false pretences; when all that could be said has been said and no word would be of any use, because those involved have set their minds on a given course and do not care about falsehood or truth, about righteousness or unrighteousness—His silence then is the last appeal to the hardened sinner who does not want to be saved. Or again, His silence means mercy; as it did to the woman or as it did to Peter after his betrayal.

Jesus' attitude before His various judges is not identical. With Pilate, the pagan governor, Jesus talks a little; He acknowledges Pilate's authority and deals with him as with a man in authority; He even credits him with some attempt to deal fairly with the case; Pilate's soul is not altogether dead. But a moment comes when any further conversation would be useless. "*La raison d'état*" has proved stronger than any question of right or wrong.

With the leaders of the Jewish Church Jesus is far more silent; they are the bad shepherds, the hirelings who have sold off their flock; their heart is set on killing the heir who comes unto his own; the only words that Jesus says to *them* are such as will hasten His condemnation. But His silence falls upon them at moments so heavily that it is as if we heard already the trumpet of the last judgment.

Herod, the puppet king, is the only one before whom Jesus keeps *altogether silent*. Herod is the "jackal"¹ feeding on such remnants of his people as it pleases the Roman Empire to throw into his greedy mouth. Herod was eager to see Jesus—out of sheer curiosity—and questioned Him in many words. But Jesus leaves the dead to bury the dead. He has no word for Herod.

The trial comes to an end, and the unavoidable verdict is rendered. The mob shouts "Crucify him"—Jesus keeps silent. The soldiers spit at Him, and mock Him—Jesus keeps silent. Speaking to them *now* would be no use. But Jesus speaks to His Father—"Forgive them, for they know not what they do." One of the malefactors rails at Him

¹ St. Luke 13:32.

and Jesus keeps silent. But in this silence something happens. A dying voice speaks: "Dost thou not fear God, seeing that thou art in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds; but this man has done nothing amiss. And he said: Jesus, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom." This time, Jesus breaks His silence and with what words! "Verily I say unto thee, today shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

God seems perhaps to be silent these days. And the Crucified once more looks silently down on our poor world.

There are many to whom He has nothing to say. Many Pilates, and Caiaphases, and Herods. How easily we label them! And there are the blind masses following the hirelings; how easily we label them too! And there are the Pharisees who sit in judgment upon the adulterous leaders and nations.

* * * *

What about us?

Don't you sometimes feel Jesus' silent gaze? Lifted upon His cross He looks at you and me. He is still very much alone up there. He goes on carrying the world's shame and burden. Do we truly bear with Him? Would we not be more silent if we did? We are still so busy doing things. We are still so superficial. We so quickly ease our consciences by patching up some little bit of the world's diseases.

Sometimes I wonder if the war were suddenly to stop today, would the Christian Church just revert to the old paths? Would our Christian organisations start busily organising the next conference? And would not God's mighty warnings soon be forgotten?

Shall we go on just as before when all is over? Go on with our talking, and our preaching, and our writing just as before? Shall we go on with our discussion groups and our conferences and our crowded days and programmes, just as before?

I do not mean that these things should not go on. It is a great thing in times of emergency like these to *carry on*. It is a great thing to know that study groups are held

in air raid shelters and that university missions take place in occupied cities. It is one of the signs of simple and true Christian living when the day by day duties of ordinary life are carried on faithfully, whatever the outward circumstances may be. The real problem is not for those of our members who are in air raid shelters or in occupied cities. The problem is rather for those of us who are living the war "in imagination"; who speculate about the right and wrong of groups and peoples and nations; and who are not really "in it"; for those of us who have not suffered yet, in their flesh and blood; for those of us who discuss about food supplies and have never known what it means to be hungry; for those of us who discuss the right and wrong of fighting and have never had to make the costly choice themselves.

Surely it comes upon us at moments that *something more* has to happen *to all of us* if we are not to miss "the hour of our visitation".

This "something" is not easy to define. Something which would make us silent in God's holy presence and truly merciful toward each other. Patient with each other and patient with the Church of God.

We are still so cocksure about ourselves, O God: about what "we think", about what others "should do". We are so sure about the right and wrong of human causes, of men and groups and nations. We are still so sure about our intellectual systems, our little sets of cherished hobbies. We are still so busy putting the world right; or busy proving that the world can never be put right and enjoying the thoroughness of the demonstration. O God, when shall we take seriously this day of Thy visitation? When shall we be aware that the whole world stands in judgment before Thee and that there is no escape? When shall we accept what happens to us as a well-deserved sentence—and repent and change our ways? O God, when shall we listen to Thee and keep silent; so that when we speak—for we shall have to speak—the words will be Thine, not ours?

Do not misunderstand me. I am not advocating silence as a value in itself. Silence may be empty and void of meaning. There is the silence of the coward—of Peter in

the courtyard; there is the silence of treachery—of Judas during the last meal. We may betray God's cause by our silence as we betray Him by our words. Neither am I advocating retreats and quiet times; for these again are only means to an end. I certainly do not want us to abandon the world and "flee to the mountains"!

What I am groping after is not "escapism" of any kind; but rather ceasing to escape, ceasing to put words and things and concepts between ourselves and the living God of our Lord Jesus Christ. What I am groping after is a silence so filled with the presence of God that only those things which are true and valuable in the sight of God would claim our allegiance. Not only our works, but also our thinking needs to be tried in the fire if the Church of God is to be a living power in the days of reconstruction; if the words it then shall speak to the world are to be "a demonstration of power and might"! Many thoughts we cherished may be found to be "of man" and not "of God"; many earthly values of our so-called Christian civilisation may not survive the test. Many things may have to be burnt to ashes that truly free men may be born, the kind of men with whom God can make a new beginning.

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Recently, someone said to me of one of my friends in Germany that he had become "so strangely humble and silent". I knew him years ago as a young and brilliant and aggressive theologian who liked to put other people's thinking right. Now he carries his Master's cross; God has silenced him, and God's strength is with him, and God's peace. And his words are "power and might".

Again I was told that one of our French leaders had become "more silent than ever"; but I have heard also of the work he does.

Again, I think of another leader who on his return from the war bluntly told his staff that they could not go on just talking and doing things as before. He forbade them to start on speaking tours for a number of weeks. He urged them to keep silent and to repent, in order that the

tragic lesson of events be not lost upon them. For this was a day of judgment.

To begin with, I felt puzzled. Was it not a healthy sign that the young carried on with hearts unshaken? It was, and no one meant them to stop. And yet I see more and more what their leader meant to convey to them. He had touched the bottom, as many have, these days. We must expect them to come back changed men, stern perhaps in their message, hard on us who have kept on trying to do faithfully the ordinary things. They have learned the relativity of all earthly endeavours; we need their challenge. They have been proved by fire. They know what is meant by "resistance unto blood". We don't yet.

They may seem at first sight to have become harder. But if God's work is fully done we shall soon find there is a strange and new softness about them, the softness not of the weak but of the strong, of those who have seen hell, and whom God has called back to life, and who therefore know the power of his resurrection, and the depth of his redeeming love.

For the lion of Judah is also the Lamb of God.

The whole mystery of the Christian faith lies in the Lion of Judah *being* the Lamb of God; so that "resistance unto blood" against evil ultimately means the victory of self-sacrificing love.

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O God, both our resistance and our love need to be purified in fire.

O God, we have not truly entered yet into the fellowship of Thy sufferings.

We do not know what is meant by the power of Thy resurrection.

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Perhaps, O God, the school of suffering has to go on for a while if we are truly to learn our lesson?

"And they went out one by one, beginning from the eldest even unto the last."

Maybe this walking out is the beginning of wisdom?

O God, I feel like a child scarcely beginning to learn its lesson. Have mercy upon me, a sinner. Amen.

Praying for Our Enemies

F. A. COCKIN AND H. V. IRESON

(The dialogue which follows is based on the last chapter of "What should Christians Pray For? War-time discussions with an Ex-serviceman" (S.C.M. Press, London), which itself is the text of a broadcast from London in May and June, 1940.)

F.A.C. Well, Harry, we've got a tough subject to tackle tonight. When we talk about praying for victory and for protection we can count on a natural bias in people's minds in favor of those ideas. But when it comes to praying for our enemies, well, there probably aren't very many who feel a natural inclination to do so, and there'll be some who think that it's not far short of Fifth Column work.

H.V.I. You're right: and it's no good blinking the fact. You know, sir, it's often said that we British don't make good haters. And I think it's true: it certainly was last time. But at the same time we've got our fair share of the fighting spirit. We don't find it any easier than the next man to love our enemies and turn the other cheek and so on. And this time there's a good deal more to it.

For one thing, you know, quite apart from propaganda, we do believe now that the thing we're up against is just bad—just plain bad. And when you've been reading some beastly story about driving tanks over wounded, or machine-gunning refugees, and then some chap on the wireless says "Let us pray for our enemies", well, it almost seems as though we were being asked to condone evil. You see it's no good quoting, "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do", because they *do* know what they're doing, it's deliberate.

F.A.C. I'm glad you've got that right out into the open. We are up against a real moral difficulty here, and we've

got to be as honest about it as we know how. That's the only basis on which we can hope to get anywhere.

Now to my mind there are two aspects of the difficulty which have both got to be reckoned with.

First there's the fact that, human nature being what it is, loving your enemies and praying for those who despitefully use you and persecute you, is an uncommonly hard thing to do. There's plenty in all of us that just rises up and says, no I won't.

Now that's a straight moral problem. Here is something that we're told we ought to do, and we say we don't want to, and that's that. We can all understand that, whether we do anything about it or not.

But before we can really tackle that there's another difficulty which we must deal with, because until we've got that out of the way, we can't get a straight run at the first. And this second difficulty is that in the minds of a good many people there's some genuine doubt as to whether praying for our enemies is a clear moral duty: whether there isn't some humbug, some sentimental hanky panky about it. We've got to get that straight. So let's get at it. Now when you hear people saying that over the wireless, just what is it that gets your goat?

H.V.I. Well, I think it's a bit of a suspicion that they're coming the superior moral person over us. Rather as though they were saying: You can't see that our enemies need praying for, but we can; or, you don't feel able to rise to these heights of unselfishness, but we do. See what I mean?

F.A.C. Just a shade priggish and patronising, eh? Anything else?

H.V.I. Yes: I think one gets the feeling that the whole thing is a bit unreal, as though they were trying to make us forget the beastly things that have been done or pretended that they hadn't happened. D'you think I'm being unfair?

F.A.C. Well, so far as the actual people whom you may have heard on the air are concerned, I'm pretty sure that they're not like that, because I happen to know them. But I entirely agree that this kind of unreality can and does

creep into some of our praying for our enemies, and it won't do. Let's just register that as a point on which we are agreed.

I'll put it like this. Jesus told us to do this: and I'll defy anyone to read the Gospels and say that he was either a prig or a humbug. And therefore if we honestly feel that there's something of that kind about the praying we're asked to do, or the way in which we're asked to do it, we can be dead sure that we're not doing what he told us to do: we've got it wrong somehow.

Got that?

H.V.I. Yes.

F.A.C. Well now: any more objections?

H.V.I. Yes: don't you think that some people find it really difficult to see how you can fight people *and* pray for them at the same time? It does seem pretty absurd to bomb and machine-gun and torpedo them with one hand, and ask God to bless them with the other, so to speak.

F.A.C. Now I think we're getting somewhere near the heart of the business. It won't be easy to give a quick answer to your question. Indeed we shall have to go back and start by getting another problem cleared up.

When you try to understand the attitude of Jesus in the Gospels, which do you think He felt was the real enemy; which was the thing that He really wanted to save men from; which was the thing He told them to pray to be delivered from—suffering or evil?

H.V.I. That's an odd question. I don't quite see what that has to do with praying for our enemies.

F.A.C. I dare say you don't. But I think you will in a minute. Anyway what's your answer to it?

H.V.I. Well, honestly I don't know that I'd ever really distinguished suffering and evil as sharply as that; and I'm not sure that I really see it now. Surely suffering is a bad thing: if not, why are there so many prayers in the Prayer Book which ask in so many words that we may be defended or protected from danger and adversity and so on? Surely that does mean that we can rightly want, and pray, to be kept safe, doesn't it?

F.A.C. Of course. Nobody but a fool would think that

you can live in a world like this without a pretty considerable risk of running into danger: and nobody but a saint would think that that didn't very much matter. But take us ordinary folk—certainly not saints, and I hope not altogether fools. When we look at ourselves, at any rate in our better moments, we realise that while we do certainly desire protection both for ourselves and for the people we love, that desire has certain definite limits and qualifications.

We don't want *too much* protection. We don't want to have our lives wrapped up in cotton-wool and kept just snug and warm. And we don't want it for other people either. We know very well what happens to children who are over-protected. They're spoilt: they grow up dependent, irresponsible, self-centred.

What it comes to is this. We don't want people to get hurt unnecessarily: but still more we don't want them to be afraid of getting hurt. We want them to realise that life just inevitably contains a certain amount of getting hurt: that some of the best things in life can only be had at the price of accepting hardship and suffering; and we want them to be the kind of people who will gladly pay that price for the sake of some things like justice and honor and truth. And you can see that Jesus felt like that, both for Himself and for His friends. The last thing you can say about Him is that He ever played for safety. Indeed the very reverse is nearer the truth. "Taking up your cross", which means "putting your head in a noose", is more like what he offered.

H.V.I. Yes, I see that. But I still don't quite grasp what that has got to do with what we're on now.

F.A.C. Well, it's got everything. You see, if men get into the way of thinking that the only *bad* thing is suffering, discomfort, loss, hardship, they don't stop there. They easily go on to think that the only *good* thing is avoidance of suffering, the maintenance of comfort, prosperity, security. And they go on from that to thinking that *God* reckons in the same terms: that His goodness is just the desire that people may be comfortable, and the power to make them so.

And so praying for people, desiring their good, comes to be thought of as something not much better than a sort of glorified pious "wishing them cheerio and all the best"!

Now at that point common sense steps in and says, Look here, this is nonsense. You can't pray for people (if that's what you mean by praying for them) and at the same time do your level best with machine-guns and bombs to see that they are the very reverse of prosperous and comfortable!

It just blows that kind of sentimentalism sky-high, and a good job too. If that's what praying for our enemies means, then I for one won't have anything to do with it.

H.V.I. Hm. I begin to see what you're driving at. You mean we've got to revise our idea of what praying for them really means.

F.A.C. Exactly. Now let's start revising it. Look at what Jesus meant by praying for people, your enemies or anyone else. Deliver us from evil: deliver them from evil. May they be set free from the tyranny of lies and cruelty and pride, the spirit of nationalist aggression by which they are enslaved. May we be set free from the tyranny of whatever power of evil it is by which we are enslaved. Isn't that the kind of prayer that every honest-minded man, who wasn't blinded by passion and wanted to see the truth, could pray? Isn't it the kind of prayer which any man in his senses would pray when he realises what we're up against?

H.V.I. Yes. That helps a good deal. But it doesn't quite remove the inconsistency, does it? I mean, here you are trying to desire what is good for the enemy, that they should be delivered from this devil by which they are possessed; and yet at the same moment you're doing your best to smash them to bits by fighting.

F.A.C. I don't feel that difficulty as acutely as some people. But then I'm not a Pacifist. I do believe that there is a Christian use of force.

We believe that we're engaged in a struggle, the ultimate aim of which is to exorcise an evil spirit from the soul of man. Part of that struggle consists in so breaking the outward power of that evil spirit, that those who have trusted in it realise that they have put their trust in a lie.

That part, I believe, can only be achieved by the use of force. It is only a limited part of the total aim, but it is one essential part, and it can be achieved in no other way.

But even that part cannot be truly achieved unless we are trying to keep steadily in mind the true and final end at which we are aiming, the deliverance of their souls and ours from evil.

H.V.I. I see. And how do you think that's going to be done? What do you think we shall have to do when we have won?

F.A.C. I don't know. That's why I sympathise with the people who are a bit shy about putting out "Peace Aims". But it rather looks as though the final stage of this terrible business would have to take the form of a disinfection of men's minds, a clearing out of the poison with which they have been injected for years past. It'll be a long and painful business, but at least it's worth remembering that there are not a few people on the other side who are praying at least as earnestly as we are for the same thing.

H.V.I. Is that really true?

F.A.C. Oh, yes. I've had evidence through perfectly reliable sources in neutral countries which leaves no doubt about it. I know of some Christians on the other side who say that the only thing that keeps them going is the knowledge that there are Christians in every land who are really praying for this deliverance of man's soul from the power of evil.

And that brings me to the point I've been wanting to make for some time. I think that we're in danger this evening of getting our sense of proportion wrong by leaving out the one factor in the equation that really matters.

H.V.I. What exactly d'you mean?

F.A.C. Well, we haven't said much about God. If prayer means anything, it means "looking at God", trying to understand His mind, to take Him seriously. Well, haven't we been rather ignoring that, and treating this whole subject of praying for our enemies as though it were mainly a matter of settling a moral account between us and them?

Let's start from the other end, God's end. Let's try and look at this situation, not simply as we see it from what you might call a Germany versus the Allies point of view. Let's try and see what it looks like as it must appear to God as he looks at this world which He has made.

Our Father—Unser Vater—Notre Père—well, He is. He made us all, and He made us all for the same purpose, that we might be members of His family. It can't be exactly fun to be the father of such a family as Europe is at this moment.

Take that saying of Jesus which we've quoted already. "Love your enemies, pray for them that spitefully use you and persecute you." Remember how it goes on: "that so you may be—for so you will be behaving like—sons of your Father in heaven. For He makes his sun to rise on the evil and on the good; and sends His rain on the just and on the unjust."

Think what that means: the fact of God's universal provision for the needs of all, irrespective of race, nationality, creed, even—most disconcerting of all—moral qualifications! We know now that that provision is adequate. And we know what our selfishness has done with it; poverty in the midst of plenty and all that. We know that to a real extent this war, all war, is the outcome of that refusal to use God's gifts as he meant them to be used.

In a very real sense the only prayer I sometimes feel that I can say is God have mercy upon us, upon us all.

H.V.I. But look here, aren't you getting rather dangerously near the view which we agreed at the start was really sentimental, not quite honest: miserable sinners, all in the same boat, not much to choose between us; and you know you said you'd no use for that.

F.A.C. No, I don't really think so, though I know that it looks rather like it.

As I see it there are three *levels* from which we can look at the whole business of our relation to our enemies.

1. There's the level of unregenerate human nature, which is something not much above the level of the animal. From that point of view it's a life and death struggle for survival. They or we go under. It's just the law of the

jungle, and there's not much room for any moral considerations to come in.

2. Then there's the second level, the level of man as a moral agent, the level on which we begin to make moral reckonings, moral claims and counterclaims: the level on which we can begin to talk about "a just cause".

It's a much higher level, a level on which it is or should be possible to make a real moral judgment on the rights and wrongs of the case. On this level it is quite clearly our business to distinguish degrees of guilt and culpability. And although there's apt to be a good deal of the old Adam lurking about in the shape of self-delusion, turning a blind eye to our own faults and all that, there is no question that on this level your objection holds. There are distinctions, clear distinctions, between the two sides. There are moral values to which we have tried to hold which they have let go. There are depths to which they have sunk, from which we have been preserved. We have no right, even in our prayers, to obliterate these distinctions. To pray as though we were all on the same moral level would be sheer sentimentalism.

3. But there is another level still. It's not very easy to describe it: but the one thing that is clear is that it isn't a level which we reach just by improving somewhat the moral perceptions and moral judgments which we were employing on the second level.

We only get to this level when something has happened to us. And what happens is that we discover our common need, man's universal need, of forgiveness. The result of that is that our eyes are opened so that we see all the moral claims and counter-claims in a new light. We see them in the light of a gallows on which a broken body hangs: above which is written, "This is what it costs God to love the world."

In the light of that we don't indeed forget or drop our moral distinctions between various degrees of guilt; but we realise what all these various degrees of guilt taken together really amount to. We see them as the spectacle of man, in his feverish attempts to achieve a good which he has misunderstood, in his frantic efforts to establish, or

recover, or defend some national existence, striking out blindly at the one thing which could give him the blessedness he is seeking for, the love of God.

If you say that that is sentimentalism, I shall simply answer that I don't think crucifying and getting crucified is exactly a sentimental business.

H.V.I. Ye-es. You've had a longish innings this time. Here and there I think you've got a bit beyond me, though on the whole I've followed you pretty well. Look here, I'd like to try and put what, so far as I can see, you've been driving at in rather simpler terms.

F.A.C. Good. Go ahead.

H.V.I. Well, take the case of a family. Take my own boy, for instance. Supposing he were to go off the rails, and get into a bad mess. I suppose his mother and I, working on that second level of yours, would feel inclined at first to lay the blame on him. We might say that we'd done our best to give him a good home and all that, and that this was a pretty poor return for all we'd done for him. That's your—what did you call it?—moral claim and counterclaim, isn't it?

F.A.C. Yes, precisely.

H.V.I. But you know I can see that we shouldn't stop there: indeed I'm not sure that we should really feel like that at all. You see, we love him: and I think we should feel because of that that we were all bound up in the mess somehow, in the unhappiness and shame of it. We'd want, so to speak, to be sorry with him, to share what he felt, even somehow to feel it *for* him a bit. D'you get what I mean?

F.A.C. I do indeed. And the whole business of praying for our enemies consists in trying to get this personal, family attitude translated into a national attitude.

Of course I know that at this moment that is so far beyond us that it sounds silly to talk about it. But unless we can see that that is the level which God means the whole world to reach after the war I see no hope for the future of man. And when we do reach it, I think our prayer will be: Father, forgive us; we didn't know what we were doing.

The Christian Calling

*A period of worship based on readings from the Bible
and arranged by*

URSULA M. NIEBUHR

I therefore beseech you to walk worthily of the calling wherewith ye were called. (Ephesians 4:1)

* * * *

Bidding

Let us, therefore, seeing we are united in faith with so great a company of our brethren, in many lands and divers places over the face of the earth, give thanks to God our Heavenly Father, for His great love to us, and that He has called us to so great a hope.

Act of Praise

Blessed be Thou, O Lord, God of our Fathers, for ever and ever. Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty: for all that is in the heavens and in the earth is Thine: Thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and Thou art exalted as head above all. In Thy hand is power and might: and in Thy hand it is to give strength unto us. Now therefore, O God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name.

Act of Thanks

Let us thank God that we have this bond of faith in Him, granted to us through Jesus Christ our Lord. And let us dwell upon this ground of our faith, which is the hope of our calling.

* * * *

Our Calling

Let us ponder the *fact* of our calling. Others were "called", and it was more than a fact to them; it was the basis of their life in action; the justification of all their efforts and hopes. Paul was "called to be an apostle". So also were those disciples by the Sea of Galilee, and this calling was faith, life, and hope to them. The Church was, and is, the body of them that are called.

But it is God that calls us:

Ye did not choose me, but I chose you, and appointed you, that you should go, and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide. (St. John 15:16)

God calls us, of His goodness, not of our merit. We are not called because we are worthy, but because of His great love..

For behold your calling, brethren, how that not many wise after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called. But God chose the foolish things of the world, that He might put to shame them that are wise; and God chose the weak things of the world, that He might put to shame the things that are strong, and the base things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are: that no flesh should glory before God. (I Cor. 1:26-29)

Our own efforts, our own achievements—we cannot glory in these. Our own life, individual and social, cannot justify any satisfaction. Instead, we stand convicted. "Behold, all we like sheep have gone astray." So, we cry and we acknowledge:

O Lord, the way of man is not in himself: it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. (Jer. 10:23)

* * * *

Sometimes, we have been very zealous for the Lord of Hosts, but after struggling with the hosts of Baal, we have sat under a juniper tree, and we have cried:

It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am not better than my fathers. (I Kings 19:4)

Sometimes, even in the time of our discipleship, we "have toiled all the night long, and have taken nothing" (St. Luke 5:5). And all our labours to fulfil the law of God are seen to be "dead works". And we ask, "What lack I yet?" (St. Matt. 19:20).

Then, also, the Word may come to us, that even our righteous zeal for God has crucified the Lord afresh.

It is I, Jesus, whom thou persecutest. (Acts 9:5)

What *we* think is the way of life, the path of right action, may be in utter and complete contradiction to the Will of God.

My thoughts are not your thoughts, nor are my ways your ways, saith the Lord. (Isaiah 55:8)

Not only must we seek to keep the commandments; these we may have observed from our youth up. But the further word comes from the Son of God.

One thing thou lackest yet, sell *all* thou hast. (St. Luke 18:22)

Sell *all* we have, all our goods; all our goodnesses, even all our actions, hopes, ideals. We must accept an utter and complete "self-emptying" (Phil. 2:7), such as our Lord and Saviour has set before us, as an example, and then "emptied" of our goods and our goodnesses, we shall see ourselves as unworthy.

Take my life away from me. (I Kings 19:4)

Or as Isaiah before the vision of the Lord of Hosts, we cry:

Woe is me! for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips. (Isaiah 6:5)

Or again, with St. Peter say:

Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. (St. Luke 5:8)

This is the way of following Jesus. This is the apparent contradiction of our destiny; first to see, and then to confess, our bankruptcy. But such is the pattern of the destiny of the Son of Man, Who, Son of God, had not where to lay His head.

* * * *

There were certain Greeks which came, saying, "We came to see Jesus." Intelligent questioning Greeks. But,

Jesus answereth, saying, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit. (St. John 12:20)

and we recollect the words,

I chose you, and appointed you, that you should go, and bear fruit, and that your fruit should abide.

We are called to the death of ourselves, our cleverness, our own achievement, so that, ultimately, we might bear fruit. We do not know if these Greeks, sophisticated intellectual men, heard the calling.

Not many wise after the flesh are called . . . but God chose the foolish things of the world.

(I Cor. 1:26-29)

"Called." We are called away from satisfaction with our own achievement, from contemplation of the labours, with our own "muck-rake"; and "called", we turn away from ourselves, and, turning, we see "the wonderful works of God". "And behold God hath done great things for us already." "Whereof we rejoice."

Prayer

We thank Thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life, but above all for Thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace and for the hope of glory.

(Book of Common Prayer)

* * * *

God *has* acted, and because God has acted, we are

“called—called to salvation through Jesus Christ our Saviour”.

For God commendeth His own love towards us, in that, while we are yet sinners, Christ died for us.
(Romans 5:8)

This is the hope of our calling, and also the ground of our faith.

Being therefore justified by faith, let us have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, through whom we have had access by faith unto this grace wherein we stand.
(Romans 5:1-2)

And let us rejoice in hope of the glory of God, because the love of God has been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost which was given unto us.
(Romans 5:2-5)

This is the positive, the affirmative side of our Christian calling. After facing the “nothingness” of our own efforts, for we “of ourselves can do no good thing”, there is revealed the *fact* of our destiny.

We have been called, so that we might be “made meet to be partakers of the saints in light” (Col. 1:12). Such is our vocation: called to be children of God, “and if children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ” (Romans 8:17).

If it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you.
(St. John 14:2)

Wherefore we lift up our hearts, and give thanks to God our Father, for His mercy revealed in His love: that “He gave His only begotten Son (St. John 3:16), and that His love “hath been shed abroad in our hearts through the Holy Ghost” (Romans 5:5).

For as many are led by the Spirit of God, these be the Sons of God.
(Romans 8:14)

Therefore, by the gift of grace, granted to us as an “earnest”, a “sample” of the ultimate realisation of our destiny as children of God, we are bold to say:

Our Father

Our Father, which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come; Thy Will be done; on earth as it is in Heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil: For Thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.

* * * *

But accepting our calling, means that we take upon ourselves the yoke of His Kingdom—accepting the law of love in all our dealings with our brethren.

Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.

(St. Matt. 25:40)

Let no man seek his own good, but that of his neighbour.

(I Cor. 10:24)

But the question faces us. "Who is my neighbour?" And how are we to decide amongst the various claims and conflicting loyalties, as to who is our neighbour in any given instance?

Prayer

Be with us now, O Lord, in the day of our need, and help us in this hour of our perplexity.

Grant O Lord, that we may both perceive and know what things we ought to do, and also may have grace and power faithfully to fulfil the same, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen. (Book of Common Prayer, abridged)

O Lord, who lovest not the strife of men, and yet wouldst have Thy servants strive earnestly for the faith of the Gospel; grant us so to seek Thy truth that we may never forget to obey it, and so to contend for it that we may never cause our brethren to stumble, and so to hold to the form of godliness that we lose not at last the life and substance of it; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Trinity College, Dublin, Guild Prayer)

Yet fulfilment of our calling demands *decision*.

Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?
(St. Luke 12:57)

Judgment as to what is right in any given moment involves us in relative preferences and choices. But there is no escape from this aspect of our calling.

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's.

(St. Matt. 22:21)

But we have to answer the question, what things *do* belong unto Cæsar? And yet—"Ye cannot serve God and Mammon". Our loyalty must be undivided, we "cannot serve two masters".

This is the problem, the "crisis", of the Christian calling involved in "our duty towards God and our duty towards our neighbour". On the one hand, we are "called to the state of salvation, through Jesus Christ our Saviour", and on the other "to do our duty in that state of life"—with all its relative choices and decisions—"unto which it shall please God to call us".

(Book of Common Prayer, Catechism)

There is no easy way out. Our task is to hold these two interests together, to place the perplexities of our earthly calling against the fact of the "mercies of God", and to offer up all our aims and actions as our due worship to Him. So that we can say with St. Paul:

O the depth of the riches and the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been His counselor? For of Him and through Him and with Him are all things.

(Romans 11:33-34, 36)

And then because of His tender mercies to us in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ, we can listen to the further words:

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, to present your bodies, a living sacrifice, holy,

acceptable unto God, which is your true worship of God. And be not shaped according to the pattern of this world, but He transformed—by the renewing of your minds, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.

(Romans 12:1-2)

* * * *

Prayer

Remember, O Lord, what Thou hast wrought in us, and not what we deserve; and as Thou hast called us to Thy service, make us worthy of our calling; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

(Ignatius Loyola)

THE EDITOR'S TRAVEL DIARY

Somewhere in Canada

As soon as I came to Canada last October queer little missives began to appear on my desk from students of German nationality, and, in the large majority, of Jewish race, who had been sent as civilian internees from England to Canada. This is not the place to discuss what was afterwards acknowledged by the British Government to have been a grievous error made at a time of great national emergency. But the fact soon became evident that I had a new student field in Canada, if not as General Secretary of the W.S.C.F., then as Vice-Chairman of the European Student Relief Fund. At first I could do little because of other engagements, but in February and March I received permission from the authorities to work under the auspices of the War Prisoners' Aid of the Y.M.C.A. as a representative of the E.S.R.F. I became acquainted with the geography of new parts of Canada, and the cellars of second-hand bookshops; and I had the joy, which so rarely comes to a General Secretary, of doing something practical. (As a matter of fact all the practical part was done by Miss Margaret Dawson of the Canadian S.C.M. office who is a genius at making up parcels.)

Two impressions stand out after that brief and inadequate experience. The first is of the fineness of spirit of the refugees who had been elected as camp educational leaders—their insistence on the needs of matriculation students because “if they don't learn to study now, they never will”; their efforts to share with one another all they knew, which seemed to epitomise culture; and their patience in a situation which for many must have been galling indeed. Happily many of these men have been released, and careful attention is being paid to similar possibilities for the majority who still remain.

The second impression is of the worthwhileness of the student solidarity which relief funds for China and Europe symbolise. Others working in far more tragic situations have more right to speak. But the discovery that men who had been helped by International Student Service in the past, or were members of the Student Movement House in London, were in leadership in the camps greatly encouraged me. Finally let those of us who are free never

forget what it must mean to live behind barbed wire, just because one belongs to an alien race, or has fought for one's country.

In the end of March it was a great pleasure to welcome Dale Brown of Yale Divinity School. He will be able to give all his time for some months at any rate to a task which I have only been able to begin and further will be more readily able to assist the many students who are to be found among combatant prisoners of war. This is lonely work: you must talk little, and handle your own problems. All workers amongst prisoners and refugees deserve our constant prayers.

The Odyssey of Helen Morton

My classical allusion seems confused. Though this Helen did not "launch a thousand ships" (indeed she showed a marked preference for aeroplanes!) she certainly won the hearts of many on her travels, and thereby did good service for the W.S.C.F. Her talk is every bit as good as her writing, and many hours with her have brought me very closely in touch with the countries she visited. There will be no harm in rounding off my diary with an extract from the minutes of a W.S.C.F. Officers' Meeting:

"The Officers decided to record their great indebtedness to Miss Helen Morton for her tour to Japan, China, Malaya, Ceylon, India and the Philippines, undertaken with such spirit at a time of great uncertainty. There were many indications of the encouragement and practical assistance she had given to the leaders of the Movements and groups which she had visited, and especially of the significant way in which she had strengthened their sense of Christian fellowship in time of war."

And so say all of us!

R.C.M.

A VICE-CHAIRMAN'S TRAVEL DIARY

Hongkong

The approach to Hongkong harbor is beautiful—I suppose one of the world's most spectacular harbors. In the early morning light, with the white buildings shining from the hillsides, and the boat life about us on all sides it seemed particularly lovely. It was good to feel the law and order of a regulated water front after the sense of insecurity about life and property on leaving Shanghai!

I went to visit Dr. Ho Yam Tong, the head of the Truelight Girls' School refugeeing from Canton in an old residence up on the hillside over the city. The buildings are being used to capacity if buildings ever were! The same rooms—fortunately airy and high studded ones—serve for bedrooms, class rooms, recreation rooms. At night the students sleep on boards placed on top of the desks! Imagine some of the U.S.A. students doing that! There was just one large dormitory, and that was entirely double deckers, and no mattresses on the beds either! Canvas cloth made a courtyard into an extra room; the garages were used for nursery school classes, a kitchen had been built out of a small garden house, and a tin roof between two large rocks made a practice room for piano pupils. The fantastic shape of the hillside cliffs and rocks made the whole school seem as if the academic world had been changed into something weird and strange! Dr. Ho is the Chairman of the Hongkong Student Relief Committee, and he gave me a bit of an idea about how they are trying to make the money go as far as possible. With five Chinese universities from Canton refugeeing in Hongkong there is plenty to use it for!

The Hongkong Christian Union planned a meeting for me while I was there. The meeting itself was quite an event. A large group of some 150 boys and girls, fairly evenly divided between University and Middle School. The Schools sat in units. We had translations throughout. We got warmed up well, and towards the end several spokesmen for the different groups made speeches, there was a presentation to the W.S.C.F. of 75 Hongkong dollars towards European Student Relief. There was also a presentation of a book of pictures of student activities with most attractive captions. One I liked especially: "Give us back our rivers and mountains." Then we had tea, and songs, and many complimentary speeches all around.

The chairman for the evening was Mr. Luk Lim, now studying medicine. He was well up on Federation news.

The second day I was in Hongkong a refugee ship came through on its way to Australia, with 200 Latvians, Lithuanians, Esthonians who had British passports. A public appeal was made for clothes for them, and Bishop Hall's church was promptly flooded. To my amazement, I found myself walking down the shopping street of the city taking one of them to get shoes at Bata's Czecho-Slovakian shop. She was formerly the General Secretary of the Latvian Y.W.C.A., in recent years the head of a welfare department of the Government—for working women. She and her two sons were asked to leave at 18 hours' notice. Her crime—that she had been polluting the minds of the working people with her Christian doctrines! She was not allowed to bring any money with her. She had no idea what would happen to her in Australia. Mary Goodban filled up a box of her summer clothes and got it off to the ship to her. She left with a bit of U.S.A. and Hongkong money, and airmail letters went from Marion Dudley and myself to Margaret Holmes and to the Y.W.C.A. in Brisbane where she is to land. How amazing that our paths should have crossed in Hongkong, and yet how very natural, too, as one gets used to the fellowship of the Christian Associations which cut across all lines, and all nations, and all ports!

Singapore

Who ever would have thought that after sitting listening to reports on Singapore so often at General or Executive Committee meetings when the various Movements were being surveyed that I would join the number of those who had actually met with the small group there!

The Y.W.C.A. had invited me to stay with them at their hostel, a most delightful place, so I moved ashore for what turned out to be four days and nights. That afternoon about twenty students—all men but one!—came to tea and we had some general conversation about the Federation and about their work.

I gathered from them that the S.C.M. has now about 100 members, that it goes along fairly well, with regular meetings mostly of a formal kind: a talk followed by questions holding their interest the most. Discussion and study groups had not met with success. They had observed the Day of Prayer, and raised some money then for Student Relief (as I guess you know already).

Three of them stayed on after the tea, Messrs. Miller and Bennitt, Miss Knight added to the three, and we all planned the service for the Sunday evening meeting. Students served as readers, pre-

siding over the service, and for some of the prayers. The service itself the next night was in Mr. Gibson's Presbyterian Church and attended by some sixty people, including a few from the boat. The group in Singapore were sorry there were not more, but considering the fact that the final examinations were beginning Monday, I thought it a very good number. We based the service on I Cor. 12, using the verses 12, 26, 2 and 31 as the outline for the talk on the W.S.C.F. A collection was taken towards the expenses of Miss Ruth Pereira to go from Singapore to the Ceylon meeting, and 30 dollars resulted.

Sunday I went to St. Andrew's mission church, arranged for in advance by Jack Bennitt, who had introduced me to the Chinese pastor. That was an experience! Mostly coolie families, the men on one side, the women on the other, packed into the smallest little church ever, singing the hymns and carrying through the service with the greatest of enthusiasm. I was received with the greatest of friendliness, and although I could only keep up with the service by the number of the hymns, and by what I thought was probably the Lord's Prayer or the General Confession or the Creed, I was able to worship with them—deeply impressed by the power of corporate worship to make it possible to transcend the barriers of language, race and background. I was to have gone calling afterwards with the pastor, but a Singapore torrential cloudburst prevented, so I got driven back with a crowd of them all to the hostel in a "mosquito bus" with slatted sides, and a little porch out behind.

What a place Singapore is! It is unique in my experience to be in a place where there just isn't any national sentiment, and no one votes about anything or seems to mind not doing so! It was decidedly confusing to my U.S.A. mind to find so many different national and racial groups all living together but not held together by anything especial. I kept wondering if the Chinese were interested in China, or felt they belonged to the Malay States or felt part of the British Empire. I couldn't see that they were interested in any of these, yet lived along with the various problems of the community and human relationships as if they did belong to a nation!

Penang

Calls with the Chinese pastor there on some of his families in the outskirts of the city.

In a palm grove a family with quite a large house with a tin roof. A map of the world in the sitting room; much interest in seeing where I had come from around from the other side of the

world. The neighbors seeing what a crowd of callers had come gathering around outside to see the fun! Another wee home, where one of the most loyal church members lived. She earned her living by raising ducks. There were dozens of them paddling around in her front yard, which was all shaded and protected by tropical bushes and vegetation. She gave 30 cents a week to the church, approximately what it cost her to live for one day. She expressed worry about her inability to get to church regularly. The bus fare had gone up—and it now cost her 17 cents each way. Some weeks she did not have this much money to spend. When we left, the pastor had in his hands a basket filled with newly laid hen's eggs. All church members, and to each meaning so much, and so many other families ready and waiting to belong to the Christian fellowship, if only there were more pastors, and more workers to reach them in their homes.

Colombo

It was wonderful to find T.Z. in Colombo. We had one good round with the students which was devoted mostly to a discussion of the League of Nations and the Christian's obligation in working towards a better international order. The meetings arranged for T. Z. Koo in the Y.M.C.A. downtown were well attended. His description of China's struggles struck many sympathetic chords and the frequent applause was spontaneous and enthusiastic.

Between meetings we had a chance to catch up on each other's news and got nicely settled in the Y.W.C.A. garden. As dark came it seemed unusually dark but we didn't notice it until some sirens wailed and airplanes flew low overhead and we suddenly realised we were having a blackout. So we just went on sitting there peacefully while word came that our supper was stranded downtown, that friends were arriving by dark for the next meeting. One flashlight quickly suppressed lest the Y.W.C.A. get a black mark glimmered in the hostel, otherwise all was quite blacked out. The evening's meeting assembled in a group on the lawn and voices from here and there discussed the problems of the Christian Community in times of stress and strain.

That afternoon I had seen dozens of white veiled women carrying flowers walking in a Buddhist procession—elephants with canopies—priests in orange drapes—men beating cymbals—part of a Buddhist revival taking place, I was told, all over Ceylon.

The schools were closing up for the Christmas holidays with a round of Christmas plays and exhibitions. Lady Snyder, the President of the Y.W.C.A. Board, took me to an exhibition of dances

of all lands. *Never have I seen better costuming or performances by schoolgirls. As for the Christmas pageants, play producers would cast envious eyes on the richly colored saris which lend themselves to shepherds and wise men—Joseph or Mary—angels or readers—equally well. And the little clay bowl lamps—such as I imagine the wise and foolish virgins must have carried—made soft and effective lighting for the performances.*

So came the Kandy Conference and the full days between Christmas and New Year. Christmas Eve was spent in Kandy. Walking back through its streets late at night all was still, the sharp outlines of the Hindu temple silhouetted against the sky. All of a sudden through the latticed porch screen of a wee Kandy home came the refrain of a Christmas carol—one Christian family in all that part of the town. The light from their home seemed more than just the lamp on the table—it seemed a floodlight shining out over the whole world!

Kandy

The trials and tribulations of the journey by railroad had resulted in the complete scrambling up of 500 delegates' bedding rolls and bags, but by the time the hospitality committee had welcomed them, and gotten them squeezed into buses for their dormitories, enough bags had connected with their owners to make it possible for the travel-worn crowd to turn out in glorious array a few hours later at the opening reception out-of-doors. The reception was a never-to-be-forgotten pageant of color—brilliant saris of the women, native costumes of the various sections of the country—the Kandy dancers with heavy ropes of beads, jangling as they moved gracefully through their traditional dances of centuries ago—elephants with gay blankets over them flopping their ears off at one side, and dozens of hosts and hostesses frantically providing everyone with tea and sandwiches. Speeches of welcome and the blessing of the Bishop of Ceylon opened the Conference on a high note of anticipation in the week's search for the living Christ.

The worship services were held in the partially built chapel on its hillside, cut right out of the slope, looking out over a deep valley to the exquisite hills beyond. The design of the architecture, preserving a record for all time of the most beautiful of Ceylonese forms, was already a monument to indigenous forms in Christian worship, and was a most suitable setting for the various forms of services held each morning. With the Jacobite Syrian, the Anglican,

the Lutheran, and the purely indigenous service, the Conference had a glimpse into the nature of true ecumenism. Thought was given to the necessary explanations ahead of time to make possible a sharing in the services by those not familiar with its forms. The Anglican communion service was open to all; the Orthodox shared the post-communion bread of the Eucharist; the indigenous service used the old Syrian form of the "kiss of peace," where hands held as if in prayer passed the touch from the priest in front to the last worshipper in the back of the church. It was a beautiful sight to see the women in their white national costumes sitting on the straw mats, and to hear the Tamil lyrics which were freely used throughout. This series of worship services was a new experience for many of the conference members, some of whom were both impressed and aghast by forms so different and unfamiliar!

The Bible Study periods were mostly in the form of expositions of various parts. In some a mimeographed outline served as a guide, and time was given for questions. One group covered Amos, Hosea and Isaiah, with a synopsis on the "keynotes" of each, the skeleton outline on which each was built, and notes on comparisons. A special Commission on the Bible dealt with the meaning of "inspiration" and the nature of the Bible's "authority". They found in the Bible a progressive revelation of God as man learned to understand him better. They saw Jesus as the culmination. The central message is God's saving power as partially revealed in the Old Testament, and fully revealed in Christ.

The Commissions were fairly well divided up as to numbers attending. The most popular was Fundamentals of the Christian Faith, the least so Christian Students and the National Situation. The latter, which I sat in on, was exceedingly lively to make up for its being small! In fact it was at moments volcanic!

In face of great financial burdens, the generous contribution to the S.C.M. relief program in China showed the degree of fellowship felt for their neighbors, and their interest in the national struggle going on there.

Those who had been at the Rangoon Conference said that there was no comparison between the two: that Kandy was in every way a better and more constructive conference. Especial comment was made as to the fine attitude and working spirit of the Kandy delegates. They seemed fully aware of the obligations which rested upon them and their Movement in a world where only a few countries were still free to hold a triennial meeting. This feeling is reflected in the message which they prepared to be sent to other Movements.

India

Every trip must have its climax, and I've just had mine! Climax, that is, in the way of exciting travel. It all began in Ceylon when T. Z. Koo pointed out the comparative merit of three days by air over three weeks by boat to return to Hongkong. The air way meant a glimpse of India and Burma, so I quickly assented. This meant leaving Kandy the next to last day of the Conference, and boarding a night train for Madras. Such a train! I was seeing India at one of its most quaint aspects. The Y.W.C.A. in Colombo had prepared me with the best substitute they had for a bedding roll, I was swathed in scarfs and anti-dust equipment, armed with a thermos bottle, and ready to receive food at odd intervals when it was thrust into my isolated compartment by a co-operative restaurant service somewhere at the far end of the train. Part of the way I travelled third class with a student friend also returning from the Conference a day early. From the secluded elegance and aloneness of my second class compartment I had a glimpse of the more social aspects of train travel. There we all were, Mohammedan in white embroidered fez, Hindu lady with diamond in the nose returning from a pilgrimage and telling every willing or unwilling listener all about it, and to my utter dismay an outcaste in the corner on the floor, her black dishevelled hair flying to the hot breezes. "Couldn't she sit on a bench?" I asked. "Goodness no, she wouldn't want to." So there she stayed all the time I was there like some weird character from the world of opera.

Every stop at a station was a play in itself. The pump became an animated cartoon of how to wash in a hurry. I learned how people wash their clothes, brush their teeth, drink water, and pour pails of water over themselves all in a hurry before getting aboard again. The Hindu tea room disgorged its patrons, and the Mohammedan tea room its, and the few Europeans sauntered about after their manner. At one or two stations some sight-seeing cows roamed about amongst the passengers. By the second day really nothing seemed strange! The views from my windows were enchanting—rice fields, palm trees, dozens of little villages, women with tall vases on their shoulders carrying water. Stories from the Bible might have been taking place before my eyes. Primitive forms of irrigation everywhere and plows that must have turned over the same dry looking soil for centuries!

Travel to Rangoon

The plane to Rangoon was delayed, so I was presented with an extra day. A lot of time had had to go into having the censor

look over every book and paper in my possession. When I left his office I looked like a secret diplomat with great red seals of sealing wax hermetically sealing my briefcase, my camera, all my correspondence, and my Bible, Federation prayer book and every bit of writing in my possession. Thus insulated I was expected to be spy-proof until I reached some—any other land! Some of my papers were removed as being seditious—an account by Francis House of the Christian leaders in south-east Europe, an article by Stanley High on the Church situation in Germany, and so on. I learned later that T. Z. Koo had trouble with his Burmese lullaby. They evidently thought the notes were secret codes!

The day for departure we were told to be at a hotel at 4:30 a.m. That did seem a little early even for the air service, but no questions were asked, and the Y.W.C.A. friends seemed so accustomed to anything, that it was quite possible to get me awake, and even keep me company to the hotel, where strong tea was served to keep down the early morning chills and shake off the drowsiness that still lingered with the dark of pre-dawn! There was T. Z. fresh as a daisy, and off we went in a great airport bus through the empty streets of the city, out to a river where the plane rested gently under a great steel bridge. A pleasant barge served as the waiting room, and the details of embarkation were attended to while dawn came up dramatically over the river front. More tea was served, but I was quite awake by then, and off we went in a neat little launch to the plane. A roar of engines and waves, and up we went and before we knew it almost had come down again a few hours later on the coast of Burma. A friendly official received us on shore, explained about the tigers inhabiting the island opposite the pier, answered all and any questions about the natives and the fishing craft drawn up on the shore, and waved us off again in the little launch. Hardly an hour went by when we were circling over Rangoon admiring its fantastic combination of palm trees and gold temple pagodas reaching to the heavens, gleaming in the sun. Off in another little launch to a pier, where lemonade was served (it was good and hot by then) and so on to the town where we were met by the head of Judson College, a friend of T. Z. Koo's, with his odd straw head-piece wrapped in a gay silk scarf. Then we had to rouse the chief of police from his Sunday afternoon nap to get permission to arrive and leave Rangoon, and see another of T. Z.'s friends in charge of the passenger service to Hongkong.

That evening a student meeting was arranged at Judson College. My mind was so reeling with the excitements of the day that I'm not even sure I spoke coherently, and did notice that when T. Z.

picked up the meeting a few minutes later mentioned the fatigue of the day on top of the 4 a.m. start! Anyway it was a nice group of students, and I would have liked to have done better by them. At least they know the W.S.C.F. exists and that its representatives are on the move!

Travel Across China

Off to the airport the next morning at a more seasonable hour. By lunch time we were on the Lashio airfield, on the border between Burma and China, at one end of the famous Burma Road. There was a wee straw hut for shelter from the hot sun, with sandwiches and tea served inside. A frontier town, mountains on all sides, strange looking wheels and bamboo poles scattered all over the field probably to control unwanted callers, and loads of soldiers on guard. Everyone looked at everyone else in kind of an enquiring way as if to say, "What are you doing here anyway?" As usual T. Z. found some friends and we found ourselves chatting with some business men. The town of Lashio was growing—too bad there wasn't time to visit it; yes, the Road was open—in fact one of the men had just been over it a week or so before, the trucks were going over regularly. I picked up two lads from the University of Rangoon, who seemed pleased to converse, and told me at length about the student activities there, especially the non-violent political strike of a few years before which had led to the death of one of the students. I had seen the gold bust of him in his honor on the University grounds the day before.

Time went by, one hour, two hours, and then some. Everyone was calmly waiting as if it were all part of the day's work. The reason for the delay was an air raid then taking place over the airport of Kunming where we were headed, so we had to wait for the all clear signal before we could start. This was the closest I came to a raid, and it felt for all the world like a storm, which would shortly pass, and hopefully wouldn't cause any serious damage in the path of one's trip. With a sound and reliable American plane (Wright) and competent-looking American and Chinese pilots there seemed no cause for alarm. It was quite reassuring too, to see a huge sign which told me that New York was really quite near, only some 12,000 miles one way or 11,000 the other, and that Singapore was really very close, and Hongkong not so far after all.

Around three o'clock that afternoon the all-clear signal came, and in we piled again, about half of the seats in the plane filled. I was the only woman. A few European, a few Chinese men, a very nice looking group to adventure off in the heavens with over

the Japanese lines! It was a clear, sunny day, and we could look down on the Burma Road and see the trucks moving, and the great transportation shed with dozens of trucks ready for action. Then the mountains cut us off from seeing it any further. They were lovely mountains, hundreds of them, brown, green, like the backs of elephants. They looked more friendly and less jagged and snowy than I had expected, but oh! no place to land. It just couldn't happen that engine trouble would develop. It would mean the end—but the engines were throbbing with comforting regularity. The heavens turned to rose and gold, we were bathed in a great sunset, with the mountains below showing off every atom of color they could share with the heavens above.

It was quite dark when we finally landed at Kunming, and in contrast to the tropical heat of Rangoon that morning, found ourselves shivering in a wintry wind. The airport was distinctly dismal. I had suddenly come to life in the middle of a *London Illustrated News* version of a war airport. Outlined against the dark skies was a ruined hangar, battered-in walls on another side. Soldiers in metal helmets and carrying bayonets on duty everywhere. I suddenly felt how terrible it was to be going on to the comforts of Hongkong with so many possessions. I suggested leaving my blankets behind, but T. Z. dissuaded me. He had designs on them! But I left a bottle of quinine with two of the soldiers. I guess they wondered what I was doing, and inspected the small bottle gravely. The little mud hut where the passengers were received was guarded by two sentries. It had obviously been through the wars: the windows knocked out and boarded up; the tin sheeting of the ceiling torn with shrapnel; the lantern light flickering grimly over the remains. Some of the soldiers nearby were practising on a bugle. Even that had a note of somewhat forced gaiety about it. On the airfield a little airplane was going up and coming down in the beam of a powerful searchlight. It was the training of new pilots we were seeing. It was past supper time, and the airplane's larder was opened up for us—sandwiches, a bunch of bananas, and some other oddments. I was still provided with a few left-over prunes from the N.I.C.C. meeting at Lake Geneva. They came into their own as never before or since! So creature comforts still mattered in a land of war and destruction.

It was bitterly disappointing not to connect with Gilbert Baker and Helen Chung who were right there on the other side of the lake. This was the place where the students had marched to some time ago on their now famous trek. Here were some thousands of our university students whose stories so many of us had heard

about as they set up their new universities. So it was with very mixed feelings that I climbed aboard again and left Kunming behind, just a few spots of light below. Everyone settled into their own coat collars, piled rugs on top of themselves, and slept or pretended to. It was a beautiful moonlight night; the plane looked so shiny with its aluminum wings reflecting the moon's rays. I thought of what a wonderful target it would make, but felt reassured by the great bank of fluffy white clouds which appeared below us and blocked out every sign of man and his little ways. God was in the heavens, man was below, and the plane was very comfortable! On and on we droned, engine and thought strangely intermingled. The little light overhead suddenly went black, the light on the wings went out; we must be over the Japanese lines. T. Z., across the way, appeared to be asleep. Time passed. Then of a sudden on went the light and the FASTEN YOUR BELT sign flashed. Below were garlands and garlands of lights, white ones, yellow ones—a harbor—dozens of boats—a city—no clouds—just clear peaceful ordinary city life—we were over Hongkong. Around and around we circled, for we had been flying very high, and it took a number of turns to get down to the airport. Nature had been very kind to us: clouds when we wanted them most, no clouds when we came into the landing. It must have been very late. I never did figure out just what had happened to the time between Rangoon and Hongkong but when I came to the next morning, having fallen asleep on hitting the pillow of an odd little room in a missionary hotel long after midnight, it was well on in the morning.

So ended the thrill of my travel experiences ever—anywhere—past, present or future. All I can say is, I hope the U.S.A. will go on sending and sending more help to China, so the air services, mail and passenger, can continue unbroken. It is a wonderful asset for all.

Manila

What luck I had in Hongkong! No sooner arrived out of the heavens over China, than the magic touch of the nice American Express gentleman (who had arranged the travel for the Amsterdam delegates from China the year before!) produced a ticket on the Clipper Ship to Manila for the next morning.

The engines roared, the waters churned up over the windows, and up we circled gracefully as an enormous gull over the hills, the harbor and out over the blue ocean towards Manila. In just time to read the morning paper and enjoy a delectable Clipper Ship

luncheon, the first of the Philippine Islands appeared below—white waves outlining the shores—green and brown hills—fertile plains—a giant volcano mountain off in the distance. Then down into a palm-shored small harbor—hot as hot could be, and off into the airport bungalow for all the details of landing once more on U.S.A. territory.

Who should be there waiting for me but Mrs. Josefa Martinez of the Y.W.C.A.! I had thought when I had seen her at the World's Council meeting in Canada that her charming Philippines costume with its stiff puffed sleeves and fan-shaped collar was just for dress up best, and here she was dressed the same way for every day, and looking oh so cool in the heat of the day! We drove a long way through picturesque countryside to Manila in the new Ford Beach Wagon—a Christmas present to the Y.W.C.A. from Mr. Ford—a last chapter to the story of the small boy who had given up buying a bicycle and bought bread for China relief instead! Little did he know what a chain of happy events he had started! Then I found myself settled down in a cool corner of the Y.W.C.A. hostel on the lovely shaded avenue across from the university. From my window I looked out on the athletic field, on the constant military drill, and one evening on a most gay torch-light parade all around the campus in honor of the government officials who had just come back from Washington with permission for the Philippine President to run for a third term, and with the right for the Philippine government to have a two chamber legislature.

My first meeting with the students was a Friday evening forum when a report was made on the Christmas Student Conference of Y.M.C.A and Y.W.C.A. members of Philippine universities and schools. The major interest was independence for the Philippines in 1946, and youth's responsibility in preparation. A crackling bit of discussion was an initiation in some of the problems of America's empire! Should Philippine students support the United States in her aid to Britain? Was this a war for democracy?—a struggle for its preservation presupposed its existence. The Philippines was not a free but rather a subject country—what could be gained by fighting for the United States?—India was protesting against fighting for Great Britain. There was no use in raising such questions—the chairman sharply reminded the group—because they were all under an oath of allegiance to defend the United States, the country which had occupied the islands in 1898 with army and navy.

The Youth League of the Philippines (which was extremely interested in the American Youth Congress) carries on an active program related to the unemployment of youth, education, citizen-

ship training for independence, and so on. Some of their leaders had been at the Student Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. Conference at Christmas-time and were enthusiastic for a United Front National Youth Congress. The formation of such an organisation was an issue squarely before the Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. Conference Committee. Not so simple either, because a companion proposal was the formation of a joint Y.M.C.A.-Y.W.C.A. Student Christian Movement.

As a result of the various meetings a committee has been formed with Consuelo Austria as student chairman to study further into the whole question of relationship to the W.S.C.F. It is most fortunate for us that leading men and women in Manila—good members of the Catholic Church—have volunteered to help us on an evaluation of Federation policy and material, sharing freely with us their criticisms and constructive suggestions.

When the day for departure came I felt sad to leave the attractive Y.W.C.A. hostel and the gigantic banana leaf which had waved to me gently outside my window each morning in the breaths of tropical air. A delegation of students saw me off and ladened me down with armfuls of gifts—from great bunches of orchids to every imaginable lovely product of the Philippines. So as the boat left the pier there they all were—the friends of ten days of working together on the interests of the Federation and the Associations there—till they became wee spots against the sunlit pier—a last glimpse by which to remember all that happened the week before, and a good omen that a group was left behind which would bring new life and vitality to the W.S.C.F.

The Voyage Home

Word was waiting for me at Hongkong from T. Z. Koo that he'd be aboard in Shanghai. We reached there in time to go ashore that night. The next day I met with an S.C.M. group, reported on the Kandy Conference, had a last-minute conference with Shih Pao Chen, K. H. Ting, and others about Chinese matters, and saw many friends at headquarters. Four of the staff saw me off that evening, coming out on the fender, staying there in the shivering cold and wet of the winter weather till we moved slowly out into the dark of the river. Wonderful friends!

The few hours on shore at Kobe were very precious, and I had a sense of seizing every moment and longing for it to contain all the merit of a two weeks' stay! We made the most of the hours, and I was shown an attractive little tourist restaurant with charming garden and interior arrangements. In stockinged feet, and a strap of a straw sandal between the toes, I shuffled about the hall-

ways, and was held up by the careful courtesy of a little maid who seemed worried lest I plunge headlong down the stairways. Then she cooked a delicious lunch for us in the middle of a wee table and kept her eyes glued on me as I chatted about the trip and spoke of friends and S.C.M. news.

Goodness knows I wish I had stayed—it would have meant much to me and to our friends, too. Whatever happens, we must stand by our friends in Japan. They have great inner strength and poise, and the suffering which may lie ahead of them will give them much to contribute to the W.S.C.F. when next we meet.

A brief call in Honolulu, a glimpse of its beauties, and of the thousands of U.S.A. army and navy men there, a speculation about Pearl Harbor off in the distance, and before we knew it, we were idling into San Francisco harbor. There on the pier were two old N.I.C.C. friends—a sight for sore eyes, not to mention the asset of a car which carried T. Z. and myself about with bags and bundles. Off to a Chinese restaurant the first thing and over bowls of rice and waving our chopsticks we began the tales of our travels which were to last for several weeks more as we met with student groups in various corners of the country.

As for health and good spirits, they couldn't have been better. All the travel arrangements had worked out miraculously well, and everywhere I had had comfortable and pleasant accommodations.

As for acquired knowledge, I shall never be the same again. For the first time I now know that the Philippines and Honolulu are not one and the same, and how long it takes to get from one to the other. As for the geography of China, for the first time it means something. I can listen and read as never before. I've learned about there being a land called Malaya, and I know that Ceylon and Burma aren't India.

As for the Federation, well I know that it lives everywhere, that the fellowship of the Christian community is a great and enduring fact, that my sense of belonging to that community because of what I have seen and experienced will always be one of the deepest parts of my life. That I have felt enough stimulus and inspiration from seeing the courage and work of fellow Student Christian Movement members to tide me over low spots for a lifetime, I can never express the gratitude which I feel for the privilege of having shared with the Federation in this chapter of its life.

Helen Morton

THE STUDENT WORLD CHRONICLE

The Power Which Sustains Us

At the meeting at Abö a question was raised concerning the Power which led and sustained the Finnish people in their struggle. Certainly the love of our country burned in our hearts before the war, and the unity of our people strengthened our confidence in the future. But when the full might of the war came upon us, it was from the ancient faith of our fathers that we drew our strength. What made the deepest impression on our soldiers at the front was simple and direct witness to our salvation in Jesus Christ. In January a significant article appeared with the title of "Thy Days" which was taken from an old Swedish version of the Bible, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." (Deut. 33:25) The living, all-powerful God is the source of all our strength. In the same periodical there was an article called "God With Us" from which we extract a few lines: "'God with us' used to be the war-cry of Swedes and Finns in the Thirty Years War. A more powerful and victorious cry can scarcely be imagined. We read in the Bible: 'If God be for us, who shall be against us?' (Rom. 8) The Psalmist says in other words: 'The Eternal is for me; I shall fear nothing. . . . What can men do unto me when the living and all-powerful God is with me and sustains me? . . .' In the present war we drew our courage and our strength from the assurance that the living and all-powerful God was with us and that we had the conviction that we were fighting in a just cause. . . ."

In so far as we can seize and comprehend the will of God the faith is given us that God is with us in all His great might, and we have truly experienced this and have seen that God was granting us a marvelous spirit of unity. He has given us courage, strength and perseverance.

It is right and good that we should give thanks to God and that we should thank Him for his marvellous support. But we must not think so lightly of God as a powerful celestial ally as to forget the distance between Him and us. We must always remember the divine grandeur and majesty. When we think of the holy majesty of God and of our responsibility before Him, we are obliged to confess that we are sinners, lost and condemned. The experience

of pardon for sin encourages us in the struggle against sin. If we wish God to be with us our lives and our acts must not be contrary to Him. The simple proclamation of this Gospel, which is old and yet ever new, and of the redemptive power of the blood of Jesus Christ, is most relevant to these days of war and of distress. It becomes a source of life: in easier days, it could scarcely but be a dead doctrine, but for people who are threatened by death it becomes a living word of consolation, of peace and of power. In days such as the present, those things which are most living and important for man once more find their place. The only thing of real importance is that he should have a living relation with a living and all-powerful God. The great hymn of Luther, "A safe stronghold our God is still" has always recovered its living power for the Finnish people in times of distress. This was the case last autumn. The hymn speaks of the word which brings low the power of darkness. This word is the name of our Saviour, the name of Jesus, which contains in itself the whole Gospel. This name remains the power which upholds both the individual and the entire nation.

YRGÖ ALANEN.

Men at Prayer

Experiences Among Prisoners of War in Germany in 1940

Nothing like this ever happened before in the old barracks: 3,000 or 4,000 men on their knees in prayer! Behind strong walls, a double barbed wire fence, and with watch towers and machine guns at every corner, thousands of men are passing their lives. Every Sunday morning, thousands of them stream out of the barracks to attend the camp service. Loving hands have built an altar; artists from among the prisoners have painted a beautiful reredos. A priest from the city is celebrating mass, with young Polish priests in uniform as deacons and choir boys. It is a silent mass. One hears not a word, one only sees the priest performing his ministry—just as at home. The crowd comes closer together. Old grey-headed officers and young men of all ranks stream to the ceremony. . . . The service proceeds impressively, and something like a quiet breath passes over the yard. I am sure that the old and new buildings of this extensive camp will find it difficult to forget this sight. . . .

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Not all officers have the advantage of such a handsome appearance as my friend, "the Lieutenant whom I cannot forget". I will never forget how we stood together one day in conversation. He, the stately German officer, was telling me about his life and activity. We went on to talk about the innumerable hosts of prisoners of different colors and different walks of life. I could not understand how this man could have such a high conception of his task as an officer in a war prison camp. And what breadth of vision and what a humane understanding of the whole situation he had! Then the solution became clear. "Every day," he said, "when I am saying my evening prayers, I examine myself before God, to see whether I have done an injustice to any prisoner, and pray God that I may at all times have understanding and wisdom to deal with them rightly." If there are many people like this among those

who have to do with prisoners of war, the whole thing is not so infinitely miserable as it seems at first glance. . . .

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About fifty men had come to consult with me. They were the trusted representatives of the prisoners in a large camp; and the problem was to make profitable use of the long stretches of enforced leisure which the prisoners had. We spoke about studies, and of course many people were interested in learning languages. "If I only had a French grammar, not just for beginners because once I knew quite a lot," said a lawyer. At once my thought and my hand went to my brief-case. Now I understood why I had felt such an urge to brush up my French on the way to the camp. I was like the lawyer, I had forgotten a good deal. But it was not I who was to brush up my French with the book I had just bought. I promised to give him the book with the permission of the camp Commandant. A few hours later, we were walking up and down the main street in the camp, and I heard a life story which still goes to my heart when I remember it. And one thing especially struck me; it was when the good man said quite quietly: "And I had been thinking about a French grammar so long and had been praying for it, and then you came along with it! I had not really believed that my prayer would be answered."

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About a thousand British officers have come together for a service. The hymns sound strong and full, and heads are bowed in prayer and worship. One of them—one of the many clergymen who have been taken prisoner—speaks grave words to them, and the great throng of men listens willingly. Most of them have already been to communion, and their hearts are moved. Certainly the word will be blessed to them. And finally the great throng says the Lord's Prayer together. Then the life of every day begins for them again. How desperately comfortless it would be, if hours of devotion and prayer had not revived their souls. Men at prayer! So long as such things go on, all hope is not lost!

ERIK BERG.

Towards A Personality

For the last seven months we have been busy in France hunting for scapegoats on whom to fix the responsibility for all our misfortunes; and we have usually discovered them, each of us in that particular place where we have not ourselves been. Certainly there are special responsibilities, but we are in a poor position to judge them. Further, such retrospection is sterile in so far as it teaches us nothing about what we have to do from now on. But we too have *our* responsibilities, and it is of these that we must think in the first place. I know very well that many people protest their own innocence under the pretext that they are blameless in the moral or political sphere. But can we explain the profound crisis through which our country is passing by alleging at least lowered moral standards, or political errors, and at the same time, closely bound as we are to our people, consider ourselves innocent in these respects? There are far deeper, far more general causes than these for the disorder in which France is living, and for the defeat she has suffered, causes in which we all have our share. We do not require to draw up a catalogue of these in order to lament them more truly or even to cry *mea culpa*. It is far better to recognise them in order to struggle against them.

One of the fundamental vices from which we suffer seems to me to be a deep-seated incapacity to be realistic about the problems of our existence. We no longer know how to think. The activism which has laid hold upon our generation, the amusements which have taken the place of culture (cinema, radio, newspapers, sport) have brought us to a greater or less degree of insensitiveness. What can be the result of performing an ever-increasing number of actions without an attempt to understand their meaning, or of admitting from without a series of ready-made ideas without making any effort of our own in the matter? What but a cheapening, sooner or later, of the whole personality?

What is personality in essence but to know oneself responsible for oneself and one's actions? And as for thought—is it not the search for the meaning and the range of the responsibility one assumes in taking a certain course of action, and as a consequence of that, the ability to throw oneself into that course of action with

the whole force of one's personality? This is just what we no longer are able to do; we are not really *present* in the acts which we perform. We scarcely act but from habit, by the gregarious instinct, or by conforming to opinions or to rules which are not really our own, but which we have adopted because they are easy, or flatter our *ego*.

We must learn all over again how to be personalities. When we are planning to found a family, we must be able to resist the idyllic conception offered us by the closing scene of so many films, if we are to find the meaning of a true marriage and to understand the rôle and the responsibility of the father or mother of a family. When we embark upon a career we must turn aside from the primary preoccupation with a certain standard of comfort, and weigh the meaning of our daily effort among, and in the service of, other people. When we think about our country we must learn our responsibilities rather than our rights. For it is not by wishing to express our personal opinions on questions beyond our comprehension but by supporting our nation in the conscious fulfilment of our own special functions that we shall do it real service. How many of us have political ideas—which in the end are nothing but ideas—and who are yet ignorant of what it means in their own limited group as well as in the nation at large to be a peasant, a student, a workman, a civil servant? It is assuredly in so far as we have forgotten the positive meaning of these functions that the moral level of France has progressively been lowered and our life has disintegrated. It is also only in so far as we rediscover this positive meaning that we shall accomplish real and fundamental work.

But we know that the positive meaning of life is in Jesus Christ. In Him alone we shall learn who we are, through Him we shall see in other men our neighbors. He alone is our life. If we would work for the re-establishment of our country, we must desire before all that it should hear the Gospel preached, and acknowledge the lordship of Jesus Christ. If we would serve our country, we must first in its very bosom be witnesses to Jesus Christ. God longs for and loves nations as well as individuals. The Bible often speaks of the joy He takes in their existence. But His pleasure in them ceases when nations seek their own selfish ends, and have no other concern, no other glory than their own greatness. "Because his heart was proud in its own conceit," says the Eternal about Assyria, "I delivered him over to the leader of the nations who will deal with him after his wickedness." The real meaning of the life of a people, like that of the life of a man, lies in the knowledge that

the Eternal is its God and that its purpose on earth is to serve Him. The Church in the nation has a mission to make known to that nation the Word of God which alone can give it life. In so far as we are members of the Church we are responsible for proclaiming this. Here more than elsewhere we must weigh and consider this message which we have to deliver, and learn where our loyalty rests, learn, that is to say, what God would have us believe and say and do concerning Him. The Gospel which we have to preach is the Word of Him from whom all things proceed, to whom they are subject and who assigns to them their end. This Word can teach us our true place and the deep meaning of our responsibilities as men. In knowing Jesus, in taking our stand on Him, and in proclaiming Him, we shall find the reality of our life and the possibility of true service.

JEAN BOSCH.

BOOK REVIEWS

SPRING OF CREATIVE LIVING. By Rollo May. *Abingdon, Cokesbury Press, New York.* \$2.00.

A recent selection of the Religious Book of the Month Club in the United States was this book by one of the younger pastors and theologians, a man less well-known in other countries than older American religious leaders and teachers, but one who promises much. Mr. May comes from Oberlin College, the Union Theological Seminary and a study of psychological counseling with Dr. Alfred Adler of Vienna. As a member and employed secretary of the Student Christian Movement, Mr. May is one of the men whose training and skill in individual counseling has been gained largely in the student field and to whom the Student Christian Movement owes much for his help in practising and teaching effective interviews with students. As a Congregational pastor Mr. May is carrying his skills and convictions over into the broader community and its needs. This book is the second which Mr. May has presented in the general field of a study of human nature in relation to the insights of Christianity.

In the United States and Canada such thinkers as Dr. Gregory Vlastos, Dr. Harry Bone and Rollo May are making a helpful approach to the study of the Christian doctrine of man by calling upon us to reappraise human nature and its demands in a time of social crisis in the light of the findings of psychology, meagre though those may be and according to the basic insights of Christianity. This book, for example, is concerned with the problem of the meaning of life in a time when men find anarchy all about them. The demand of man, made as he is in the image of God, for meaning is so insistent that such threats as 1940-41 present to us all call for analysis and resources of an even more fundamental character than in periods of less strain. Life, work, relationships, activity thought *must* have meaning. Too many people today have lost their way and have fallen into true atheism, the atheism of a purposeless universe.

The issue posed by this thirst for meaning, direction, purpose, calls for an analysis of the better and the poorer answers offered by the cultures, the philosophies and the religions which are cur-

rent today. The perplexity of choosing between various kinds of authoritarianism, romanticism and short-cuts to wholeness of being falls upon all youth in every country. The dialectical nature of personality must be seen and consented to and the struggle of all history between good and evil entered into the recognised as the ultimate struggle, the struggle out of which comes *life*.

Mr. May uses the sound device of presenting his material by way of specific case studies in which may be seen the confusing play of environment, the agony and frustration of uncreative conflict and the relative triumph of good over evil when the client recognises the foe for what he is and comes to be able to receive the gift of life at the hands of God.

The fallacy of humanism is clearly set forth in such chapters as those entitled "Too much freedom makes us mad" and "Grace and Clarification" in which the activity of God upon us and in us is explained as the only answer to ego-centricity, repression of true capacities and impulses, pride of creatureliness, and a cruel society where men are oppressed and misused.

The chapter on "A Theology of Life" performs for American youth a most needed function of revealing theology as that which deals with the stuff of life and gives answers to vital questions of life and death, judgment and grace. It is in this chapter and subsequent ones that the mythos of sin and redemption takes on meaning in a modern world where the historic elements of tragedy appear and reappear and the eternal perspectives are no less applicable than in other periods but where so many have lost the way. Not only is the book well documented throughout, but provided with appendix I and appendix II, in which are historical and psychological and biblical data, which greatly illumines the main text.

W. W.

CHRISTIAN DECISIONS. Y.W.C.A. Special Pamphlets Series, No. 2.

This 16-page brochure is the second of a series designed by leaders of the World's Y.W.C.A. to help their members in time of war. The general theme is "How do we reach a Christian position for ourselves as Christians?" and such questions as The Basis of our Christian Position, Is there a Meaning in Life? Can We Overcome Conflict? are dealt with in the papers. As the writers approach them from five different national standpoints and with the richness of wide and varied experience, there is much food here for meditation.

Are not these some of the problems over which young people are

agonising everywhere? "How shall I know the will of God? Must I simply rely on prayer—or are there certain objective principles on which I can fall back?" asks Suzanne de Dietrich, and sends us back to the Bible to seek a new understanding of God's plan for humanity. "How can I go on when nothing seems to have any meaning?" writes Winifred Galbraith with simple and direct suggestions for a new facing of life.

The challenge of today comes to each one of us in a different way. But for all of us Christians there must be the continual effort to see afresh our own lives and the life of our community against the background of God. "It is possible," says Rhoda McCulloch, "that the destruction by the State of the practice of all forms of religion is less catastrophic for the Christian enterprise than the continuance of the outward observance of a religion which makes no application of Christian ethics to the collective life of a people." Or again, "It is not enough to be *against* something; that is not a banner around which we can rally helpers, nor will it give us strength and persistence to carry our task to the end. Such an approach is helping the other side . . . it is significant that all the Christian groups which have kept vitality in these days of struggle and conflict are those which remained true to or renewed their effort to proclaim the Gospel of Christ." (Julia Matouskova.)

We gratefully welcome this contribution from our sister Movement and commend it to readers of THE STUDENT WORLD.

D. M.

JUGEND UND KIRCHE. By Otto Bruder. *Kommissionverlag, Evangelische Verlag A. G. Zollikon, Zürich, 1941.*

GLAUBE UND FORM. Edited by D. T. Heckel. *Eckhart-Verlag, Berlin-Steglitz, 1940.*

LUTHER IN DER DEUTSCHE KIRCHE DER GEGENWART. Edited by D. T. Knolle. *Verlag C. Bertelsmann Gütersloh, 1940.*

The first—and altogether unchristian—reaction of the Canadian reviewer of these booklets is that of pleasurable surprise to discover that Christians in Germany are still thinking and writing. Such is the subtle divisive effect which war has, even on one who prays regularly for his fellow-Christians in Germany!

"Youth and the Church" was printed in Switzerland for the Confessional Church in Germany. In three essays on (a) The Relation of the Younger Generation in Europe to the Church, (b)

Religious Drama, (c) *The Church's Struggle*, Otto Bruder sets forth the Gospel as the only sufficient solution to the problems of today and the only satisfying answer to the demands of youth. The Reformation was only an instance of that return to the primitive message of Jesus which the Church should continually be making. Instead of this she has become smug and self-complacent, her community life rests on foundations which have become unreal in the course of time, her message is couched in archaic terms and, losing apparent relevance to life, has lost all authority over the younger generation. Mankind, seeing that no help could come from such a Church, has turned to the machine, the working class, blood, race, soil and dictators to redeem the world from its misery and confusion and turn it into paradise. The true Gospel of Jesus, however, is sufficient for our times. We now see clearly that to follow Jesus truly is no easy, pleasant task but demands struggle, obedience, faithfulness and selflessness, and this not for any visible political ideal but for the invisible reality, the only reality with power to save us—God.

The other two works manifest less of the prophetic fire. "Faith and Form" is a study of the form which the expression of the faith of the Evangelical Church in Germany has taken recently in architecture, church decoration, hymns and music. It is the thesis of the book that such form has no ultimate significance, for "if we knew all about the externals of a church and knew nothing of the movement of the spirit within it we would know much and yet really nothing". Just as the religious movement of the Reformation affected the visible aspects of the life of the people, so the transformation of life brought about by National Socialism has affected the outward form of the Church for now "Germany is no longer an aggregation of countries but a people united in one Reich. This Reich is no longer characterised in its political form by the parliamentary system of parties but by the principle of leadership and obedience symbolised in personality. . . . It is a doctrine especially widespread in Anglo-Saxon thought that the Church should conform to one and only one structural pattern or at least possess the greatest possible God-willed affinity to such a pattern. . . . Such an understanding could only exist when the historical Church is confused with the Kingdom of God, and never, if as in the case of the Reformed Churches, the historical form of the Church changes with, and adapts itself to, the life of the nation." Of peculiar interest to the reviewer was the article on Church Music by Adolf Strube which points out, as is increasingly being urged in England and America, that the choir is not a body designed to ornament the service but an integral part of the congregation whose function like

that of the minister is twofold: to set forth the Word of God, and to react to it in praise and prayer.

"Luther in the German Church Today" is the fourteenth of a series of books produced by the Luther Society. It gives a glowing account of Luther's return, manifest in the contemporary theology and liturgy of the German Church. "Not only in Germany but in Scandinavia, especially in Sweden and Finland, the theology of Luther has been discovered anew and has brought about a re-birth of Systematics, Ethics and History of Dogma. . . . His theology has an evangelical message for all Christian Churches." It is asserted that Luther has much light to throw on the burning question of the relation of theology to politics. There are two kingdoms: (a) the Kingdom of God, which is the company of those sinners who believing in the Lord Jesus Christ are justified and sanctified through Him; (b) the Kingdom of the World which includes all men and in which they are subject to God's wrath and justice. The New Testament clearly distinguishes these two kingdoms (Mark 10:42-45) and knows nothing of a gradual transformation of the political order into the Kingdom of God. "Christianity neither has a political programme nor is it responsible for evaluating political life in the name of Jesus and the Gospel. There is no Christian law or norm for the state or politics. No internal ordering of a state, be it monarchic or democratic is, as such, Christian. . . . Nothing has so polluted the atmosphere between nations as Christian-sounding moralising on political circumstances, questions and decisions."

Surely no thoughtful Christian will disagree with Luther when he denies that there is a unique social order which is *the* Christian order for any society at any stage in its development. But while Christianity does not provide a blueprint for the "Good Society" it surely provides a basis for judging society. The fact that in this sinful world the absolute demands of God cannot be perfectly realised does not relieve us of the responsibility of deciding between two possible social orders as to which will better facilitate the preaching of the Gospel or more easily enable men to live together as brothers without fear of their neighbors as God commanded.

A. J. C.

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The BOOK REVIEWS are by Winnifred Wygal, Dorothy Mackie and John Coleman.